With compliments
from the Editor
9th Nov. 1909.

THE KING'S SHAKESPEARE

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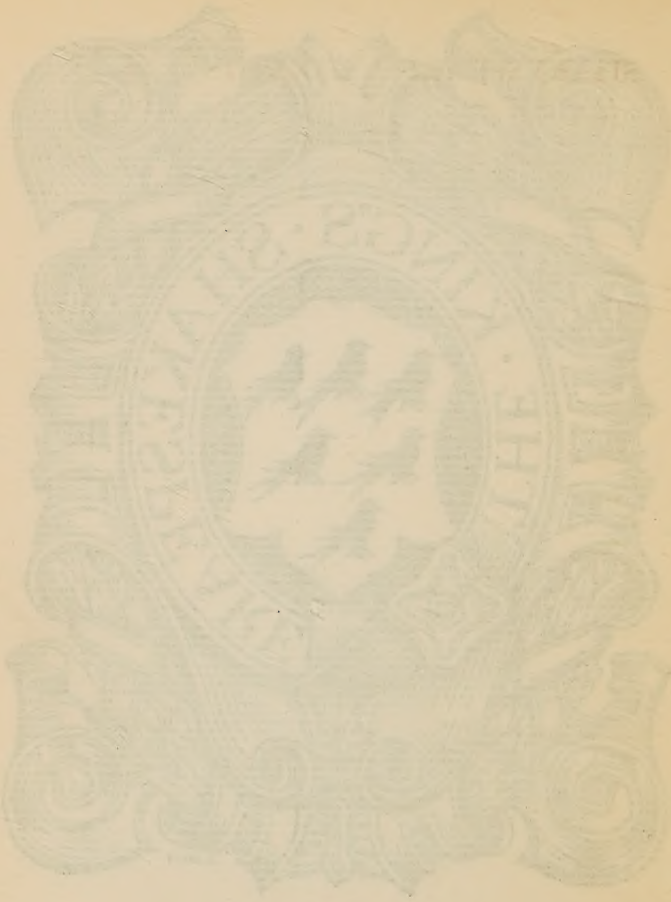

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

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Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton.
From the original picture at Welbeck Abbey.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY C. C. STOPES

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SCORN NOT THE SONNET; CRITIC, YOU HAVE FROWNED,
MINDLESS OF ITS JUST HONOURS; WITH THIS KEY
SHAKSPEARE UNLOCKED HIS HEART; THE MELODY
OF THIS SMALL LUTE GAVE EASE TO PETRARCH'S WOUND;
A THOUSAND TIMES THIS PIPE DID TASSO SOUND;
WITH IT CAMÖENS SOOTHED AN EXILE'S GRIEF;
THE SONNET GLITTERED A GAY MYRTLE LEAF
AMID THE CYPRESS WITH WHICH DANTE CROWNED
HIS VISIONARY BROW: A GLOW-WORM LAMP,
IT CHEERED MILD SPENSER, CALLED FROM FAERY-LAND,
TO STRUGGLE THROUGH DARK WAYS; AND, WHEN A DAMP
FELL ROUND THE PATH OF MILTON, IN HIS HAND
THE THING BECAME A TRUMPET; WHENCE HE BLEW
SOUL-ANIMATING STRAINS—ALAS, TOO FEW!

Wordsworth.

INTRODUCTION

General Characteristics of the Sonnets. —"Shakespeare's Sonnets" were entered on the Stationers' Registers on May 20th, 1609; but it was not until the nineteenth century that they received the attention they deserved. Then readers began to discover their wonderful beauty, and to realize that Shakespeare took the same place in relation to the development of lyric poetry that he had done in regard to the drama. He did not initiate the form, but he perfected it, and refined the material which he moulded into that form. One has only to read Shakespeare's Sonnets in comparison with those of his contemporaries to see how far he soars above most of them. The perfection of Shakespeare's art, the refinement of his æsthetic taste, the profundity of his philosophy, the dramatic intensity

of his feeling, the richness and variety of his imagery, and the delicacy of his musical ear, are nowhere more fully shown than in his Sonnets.[1] They show no second-hand conventional imitation of Nature, but a close and loving worship.

The Sonnets have a further charm, peculiarly their own. In the plays we learn somewhat of the poet from the choice of subjects, the characterization and the treatment, from the recurrences and the fervours; from the imagery and the language. But the Sonnets show us not merely the Prosperos, the Jacques, the Antonios which Shakespeare created to speak in their own characters, but give us some conception of their creator, speaking in his own. Many critics deny that "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" in these poems, preferring to believe that they were mere literary exercises, improving on the efforts of other men; or that they were allegorical or hermetic writings, surcharged with hidden philosophical meaning; or that they also were written in dramatic form, voicing the feelings and giving expression to the thoughts of several of his friends. It is difficult to understand how those who have studied these literary

[1] See Mr. Wyndham's Introduction to "The Poems of Shakespeare," 1898.

epistles can see in them anything less than the poet's true expression of himself, not in deliberate, but unconscious autobiography—not in the crude realism of a prose diarist of the twentieth century, but with a poet's idealism, following the mood of the hour, recalling the words spoken during past friendly intercourse, revealing the tender and devoted heart of the man, as nothing else that he has written has ever done. They are, it is true, very unequal in poetical value ; some of them seem self-contradictory in statement, some of them seem, at first sight, derogatory to the poet's character—but further study clears away many of the difficulties.

"Clouds and eclipses stain both sun and moon"—but they pass, and leave the glory seeming brighter than before the temporary obscuring, which is visible only from the reader's standpoint.

Perhaps the most notable "recurrence" in the Sonnets is that of awe and wonder before the constant flow of Time, the creative and destructive energies that are associated with it, the formal death that lies in wait for all individual links in the long chain of existence. The poet's "fervours" may be illustrated by his conception of the relation between physical and spiritual beauty, by his faith in the

enduring nature of pure love, in the permanence of good literature, in the value of great deeds and noble natures, by his belief in the disfiguring and degrading power of passion, and the temporary and meretricious import of power, wealth, and fame.

We find that he met his friend in the spring, and that he had known him three years some time before the Sonnets close. We may learn many little personal details, as, for instance, that his sensitive brain was inclined to insomnia, that he had a shrinking dread of "goring his own thoughts" upon the public stage, that he had an unutterable scorn of the fashionable cosmetics, painting, and general "improvements" of personal appearance. From natural simplicity in his beauty, not only did his "lovely boy" acquire much of his charm, but even his unlovely mistress seems to have first gained her power over him because she did not attempt to hide her dark complexion by painting. We find that he took frequent journeys from London, apparently on horseback, that he was familiar with the art of printing, that his friend was a student in law, that together they had read and discussed Giordano Bruno's philosophy, his theory of Causation, and the Soul of the Universe, "one vast animal"; that they both loved music and

flowers, and talked of astrology and heraldry as well as literature. Through all we see the poet in a state of exaltation, admitted to new conditions, under widening ideas.

Survey of the Sonnets.—The majority of the Sonnets are addressed to the beautiful youth whose charms have kindled the imagination, and whose loving sympathy has enraptured the lonely player's heart. His superior rank, more definite culture, have given him opportunity of special help, and he becomes not only the rose of the poet's world, the joy of his heart, but his inspiration and his muse. They two are to go down Time together in the enchanted boat of song. The only example of a somewhat similar relationship that I can recal is the friendship of Hubert Languet for Sir Philip Sidney.

The remainder of the Sonnets, while addressed to a dark lady, seem to have been written more after Goethe's manner of "writing off a passion," and to have been sent, if sent at all, to the youth, rather than to the lady. If re-arranged and read into the body of the first series, they are more clearly understood. During the absence of his friend, we find the poet at first soothed with the society, then struggling with the temptations, of a dark, wicked woman.

Turning for help and comfort to his good angel, he again has to leave London, and then he hears that the evil spirit has influenced and entangled his friend. The poet, dashed thus from the summit of content down to the sharp rocks of despair, wails that he had lost both.

But reproach did not last long. The poet's love soared beyond the temporary and the personal, he was willing to give up all for his friend. Tennyson knew the nature of his feeling when he sang—

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might,
> Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

His love triumphed over his passion, "purification was the end of his pain," and he gave up all but his own faithfulness. Hardly had the sacrifice been made, and the pæan of self-renunciation been sung, than the revelation came that his good angel also had triumphed, and the evil spirit flew away, with the night glooms, at the dawn of a new morning. It had been all a mistake, his friend had not been false, nor Venus victorious over his Adonis.

They were friends again, but their friendship was

not always a placid-flowing river. Something of bitterness with the spite of fortune that forced the poet on the stage, much of bitterness with the world, its inequalities, its sins and shames, is revealed in the verses, but his friend's "dear love remembered" heals all pain.

In the poet's absence, however, the friend had listened to the praises of other poets, had admired their works, had spent the sacred hours on them hitherto dedicated to their friendship. Shakespeare shows a little petulance, blaming his friend for being fond of praise. The poet's judgment recognizes that his friend had a right to scatter his favours. In reply probably to this suggestion, he sings—

"I grant thou wert not married to my muse,"

but his sensitive, hungering heart refuses to acquiesce in the dictates of common-sense. He needed his friend, even if his friend did not need him. His wailing seems to have touched his patron's heart and recalled the truant. In spite of "the full sail" of his rival's great verse, the friend seems to have acknowledged that he "*was* married to Shakespeare's muse."

Spenser's "Blatant Beast" did not leave either un-

disturbed. On one occasion Shakespeare alludes to scandal having been falsely spread against himself, and again he refers to scandal having arisen against his friend. His friend in turn became jealous that the poet did not visit him so often as before, that he had given away his gifts, that he had relaxed in his praises. All this is lovingly answered. Yet through causes not referred to in the Sonnets, the series closes with the 126th.

To whom were the Sonnets addressed? —One has to go out of the poetry into the prose of real life to try to fill up the lacunæ in the narrative. To do so, one must find who the friend was. Some have imagined him to have been a private associate of the poet's, but by far the greater number think him a youth of rank as well as of beauty. These, however, differ as to the youth, some holding him to have been the Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his early poems; others preferring the Earl of Pembroke, to whom "Shakespeare's Fellows" dedicated his plays, published by them after his death, because, as Lord Chamberlain, he "had prosecuted both them and their author with much favour."

To discover the Star of the Ascendant, it is necessary to find the hour of the nativity of the Sonnets!

Many imagine that it does not matter which of the two young noblemen may have been addressed, for the poems remain the same. But it is a curious fact that the *poems do not remain the same*, but are evidence of a different nature if read under the different lights. The Pembroke theory was suggested by the fact that the publisher, T. T. or Thomas Thorpe, wishes all happiness to "Mr. W. H., the only begetter," in his peculiar dedication. Mr. W. H. was supposed to mean Lord William Herbert. But he was always known by his title from his birth till the death of his father in 1601, when he became the third Earl of Pembroke. Thomas Thorpe would never have had the audacity to address this great nobleman thus in 1609. How he *really* addressed him may be seen in his servile dedications to him of Healey's books. I first printed that to the Epictetus *in extenso* in relation to this question in a paper on the Sonnets in the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch" of 1890, Berlin.

The most enthusiastic supporter of this patron is Mr. Thomas Tyler, who enunciated what has been called "the Herbert-Fitton Theory." This was only possible to such a serious worker by his neglect of the Baconian advice to "search after negatives."

To believe this theory, it is necessary to accept, as a prime fact, that when the young Lord Herbert came to town in April 1598, Shakespeare was at once introduced to him, at once became intimate, and at once *commenced* to write quatorzains (or disingenuously pretended to do so); it is necessary to accept, as a prime fact, that the poet, at this late date, attributed to his youthful friend not only the inspiration of his "pupil pen," but the whole of his education; all this at a date when we know that he had written not only both of his Poems, but also his "Midsummer Night's Dream," his "Romeo and Juliet," his "Merchant of Venice," and others, twelve plays at least; when he had seen printed his "Love's Labour's Lost," with varied sonnets introduced, and some of the very phrases he airs as "*new*."

It presupposes that the bulk of the Sonnets must not only have been written, but have been circulating in private hands, in time for Meres to write about them in his "Palladis Tamia" before he sent his manuscript to the censor to receive his *imprimatur*, which must have been some time before its registration in September 1598. All this within six months!

It necessitates the belief that Shakespeare must have *warmed up*, for a *second* young patron, the same feel-

ings he had felt for another, and expressed them in nearly the same words as he had used in his dedication of "The Rape of Lucrece" to the Earl of Southampton, printed in 1594; and that he could audaciously and hypocritically assert—

"No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change." (S. 123.)

The whole beauty dies out of the "passion" at the very supposition. We cannot accept our Shakespeare as a time-server and a dissembler, we cannot accept his Sonnets as the resurrection of a dead feeling, or the survival of a faded fashion. They are written with all the fervour of a first inspiration, all the verve of a newly-discovered power. Little in Lord Herbert's appearance and circumstances fit the Sonnet story. Though he had been offered a young wife in 1597, there is no authority for believing that the non-completion of the arrangements arose from unwillingness on his part. Then we find that he was *not* the only hope of his great house; that he was *not* "*fair*," but remarkably "*dark*"; that he did *not* wear long curling locks, ruddy-tipped like buds of marjoram; that his breath could *not*, even in fancy, have given off the odours of the spring flowers, seeing "his only comfort lay in *tobacco*," a weed Shakespeare never

mentions—probably from distaste. Shakespeare, at no time, could have been his "only poet," as Samuel Daniel was the poet of the family. Further, the lady whom Mr. Tyler associates with him was *not* dark, but fair; not a married woman with wicked wiles, but a bright young girl, whose after-life was marred by her folly in trusting the gay young lord. We cannot believe our Shakespeare to have been so base, as those who accept the Herbert-Fitton theory must assert, to make these statements harmonize. No! Shakespeare's poems, dedications, and Sonnets were all to *one* patron and *one* friend—

"To one, of one, still such, and ever so" (S. 105),

and that *one* was Henry the third Earl of Southampton.[1]

"And you and love are still my argument."

—His life and character alone provide all the essential desiderata, and his dates alone bring Shakespeare into his natural place in the development of English Sonnet Literature. And everything in his life fits the early London life of Shakespeare. Casting away the traditions which have obscured our knowledge and appreciation of the poet, we find that though we

[1] The Wriothesley family motto was "Ung par tout, tout par ung."

do not know much, we know certain facts from which we may legitimately draw further inferences. We know that in 1564 he was born in Stratford-on-Avon, amid Arcadian scenery, that he was eldest son of one of the chief citizens of the town (once the Bailiff or Mayor), and of Mary Arden, the well-endowed daughter of a neighbouring "gentleman of worship"; that he had free access to a capital grammar-school, one of the best of its time. We know that his parents had a large family, and fell into pecuniary difficulties; that he did not mend matters by marrying at eighteen, and by having three children before he was able to support them. Finding in his native place no career suitable either to his intellectual taste, or his necessity for making money speedily, he went to London some time after the baptism of his twins in 1585, though, as he was in Stratford in 1587, it is probably from the latter date that he took up his permanent residence there. We do not *know* anything about his movements on first coming to the metropolis, but we may infer that, like any other young man from the country, he would go to see his friends and acquaintances, and present introductions to friends of his friends.

Many Warwickshire men had settled in London,

many "Shakespeares" even, but I think we may safely follow Will's stranger steps to a Blackfriars house near Ludgate. There Richard Field, son of his father's friend, Henry Field, tanner, of Stratford-on-Avon, was settled in Thomas Vautrollier's great printing-house. In September 1579 Richard Field had arranged to spend six years of his apprenticeship with Vautrollier, and the seventh with Henry Bishop. By 1587 he had not only finished his time, but made love to his master's daughter Jacqueline. He married her in January 1588; her father was either then dead or died shortly, and Richard Field succeeded to the great business, two printing-presses, and the control of the six foreign journeymen. So he would be able to give Will Shakespeare not only metropolitan advice, but congenial hospitality and the *use of a capital library sufficient for all his needs*. In my "Bacon-Shakespeare Question answered, 1889," and in my little book, "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries," I have given a list of Vautrollier and Field's publications, and shown their bearing upon Shakespeare's learning. They printed the Classics that Shakespeare knew, the Ovid he embellished, the Plutarch's Lives he followed. Puttenham's "Art of Poetry" he probably saw going through the press in

1589. Vautrollier had had to fly the country in 1584 for printing the interdicted works of Giordano Bruno. He only fled to Scotland, it is true, where he was received with favour by the king, for whom he printed "The Essayes of a Prentis in the Divine Art of Poesy." Both of these books would be in Dick Field's private cupboard—significant books, when we know that Giordano Bruno was the philosopher whom Shakespeare followed in the Sonnets, which were "his essayes of a Prentis in the Divine Art of poesy." From the time of his arrival, Shakespeare must have earned the epithet of "industrious," afterwards bestowed on him by his fellow-dramatist Webster. His reading of Field's books can be traced in all his works.

How and where he met the Earl of Southampton, we do not know. Probably the young nobleman spoke to him on the stage, carried him home to supper, and began, after the manner of the young, to give him good advice about accent, manner, dress, law, literature and court tastes. Kindly offices on the one hand kindled love and gratitude on the other. Hardly had the poet met the patron, than he was made acquainted with the skeleton in the cupboard. The family was afraid of Lord Burghley!

The Minority of the Earl of Southampton. —To understand this, we must turn to the fortunes of the young earl, or rather, in the first instance, to those of his mother. For he was essentially his "mother's boy." No critics have hitherto followed out her career in relation to Shakespeare's environment. She was the daughter of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, of a family famed for personal beauty. She herself inherited a goodly share, as may be seen by her portrait, taken when she had married at thirteen Henry the second Earl of Southampton. This is now in the possession of the Duke of Portland[1] at Welbeck, though it probably hung upon the walls of Southampton's house in Holborn, when his poet sang—

> "Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Recals the lovely April of her prime."

The Countess of Southampton's warm heart, impulsive nature, refined taste, sensitiveness, easily-wounded feelings, lack of commonplace prudence, seem to have been transmitted to her son. She was not very happy with her cold-natured husband, espe-

[1] A good reproduction may be seen in the illustrated catalogue of the Welbeck Collection in the print room, British Museum.

cially after his temper had been soured by his imprisonment in the Tower, for approving of the marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots. On his death in 1581 he left her as little as he could; her elder son had died before his father, and her second son became an earl at eight years old, a royal ward, a "child of State." He and his great possessions were put under the care of Lord Burghley. On December 11th, 1585, he was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, became M.A. there, June 6th, 1589, and was incorporated at Oxford. Soon after leaving college he enrolled himself as a member of Gray's Inn, where he seems to have studied as creditably as he had done at college. As Camden said of him later, "He spent his younger years in the study of learning and good letters, and afterwards confirmed that study with travel and foreign observation." There is not the slightest authority for, but everything against, the statement sometimes made, that he led a loose life.

Domestic trouble arose because Lord Burghley, impressed with his engaging personality as well as his extensive possessions, desired to secure him for his granddaughter, the Lady Elizabeth Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. The young man seems to have

become, under the persuasions of his guardian, his mother, and his grandfather, to a certain extent engaged. The poor Countess knew what an enormous advantage it would be to her Catholic family to be known to be connected with Lord Burghley, the "searchings" and "fines" it would save her, the public office it would secure for her son. She may have liked the girl too, for she was a suitable match in every way, had the young people but loved each other.

She urged him, his grandfather urged him, his friends urged him, to please Burghley. Perhaps because of the very urging, the prospect of the burden of matrimonial responsibility became more and more distasteful to the youth. He longed to be free, to follow a martial career under the Earl of Essex. Burghley could not understand any young man in his senses refusing his splendid offers. He suspected interlopers. Somebody told him that Sir Thomas Stanhope was trying to secure the youth for his daughter. We learn much from that gentleman's full reply to Burghley's letter. He had never meditated such treacherous presumption. "*They had only gone together to Mr. Harvey's.*" Burghley next wrote to Viscount Montague, who replied on 19th September, 1590, from Cowdray, that his grandson told him that he

had "received the *respite* of a year" in respect of his youth. He had reminded him the year was almost up, but he would give no definite answer. The most he could get out of him was a promise that he would account for his self-will to Lord Burghley himself, and that he and his mother would come to town. Southampton completed his seventeenth year on 6th October, and seems to have taken, if he did not receive, another year's "respite." On the 2nd March following he wrote to the Earl of Essex from Dieppe offering him the service of his sword. Essex did not risk accepting his offer. Southampton was recalled to London, and *then*, in the April of 1591, he may have met his poet, William Shakespeare. Some one must have suggested to the Countess, or to her son's protégé on her behalf, that the poet, a married man, might help her to make her son follow reason. ("Suivez raison" was the family motto of the Brownes.) The most likely person to do this was Mr. William Harvey, who had won "golden opinions from all sorts of people" for his bravery at the Spanish Armada in 1588, and who was always a faithful and devoted friend of the family. This suggestion should be remembered in relation to another question. Whoever did so, it is evident that some one, somehow, induced the poet to write the

early Sonnets. He would never otherwise have taken the liberty with a new patron to whom the thought of matrimony was distasteful ! It was doubtless with some sense of self-reproach that the poet listened to the family arguments, and turned against the youth the engines of the new art he seems himself to have inspired. The first seven Sonnets, to which might be added the 11th and 12th, make a sequence by themselves, strongly reminiscent of similar arguments in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which had appeared in 1590. With increasing intimacy new ideas suggested themselves. Not only the duty to the family, but the ideal of harmony in domestic life was laid before the youth. Then came the strange cry—

> "Make thee another self, for love of me." (S. 10.)

In the 13th Sonnet the poet first addresses his patron as "Love"; in the 20th and 21st he chooses him as his Muse—

> "A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
> Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion." (S. 20.)

> "So is it not with me as with that muse,
> Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse." (S. 21.)

It was something to a poet, living lonely in London,

and trying to keep himself straight, to have such a safe source of inspiration, and Shakespeare availed himself of it to the full. The youth was vain and fond of praise. There was a subtle charm in thus being addressed in verse by one he had taken in hand to advise. He listened more patiently to his poet than he had done to his mother and friends, but of course the Sonnets had no effect in changing his misogynic mood. Their writer never expected they would, probably never wished they would, for he wanted to keep his friend to himself. Just as the Sonnets, started as a mere experiment, developed the expression of real feeling, the idea of matrimony, which so fretted his friend, dropped out of them. The first double sequence of 25 Sonnets was abruptly closed by a separation. Southampton's life may account for this.

The Queen was to be at Cowdray, Viscount Montague's country house, from the 15th to the 22nd of August, 1601. The youth would be certain to be summoned to his grandfather's assistance. Every young nobleman of the day was trained to act in "courtly devices"; so much depended on grace and compliment with Elizabeth. Shakespeare doubtless gave his "sweet boy" lessons in dramatic art. Special opportunities would certainly be made for him; Essex

was not at court, and Sir Fulke Greville and others were sedulously endeavouring, even in his own interest, to replace the favourite by a friendly rival. The story of the visit may be read in Nichol's "Royal Progresses."

While Shakespeare had been writing his early Sonnets, there had been dawning on him the conception of a poem by which he might at once take his position among literary men, honour his friend's teaching, and in a somewhat allegorical manner, after the Spenserian "second intention," show how the blandishments of Venus fall unheeded upon ears intent on other music, and on hearts filled with other interests. Many of the phrases of the early Sonnets are reproduced in "Venus and Adonis."

> "Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
> Is poorly imitated after you." (S. 53.)

The work on the poem checked the supply of more fugitive verses, a cessation alluded to in the Sonnets. Through the plague year 1592 it progressed, a year black enough to wake all poor grumbling Greene's dying misanthropy; a year gloomy enough to tone the reverse conception that came insistently into Shakespeare's mind as the completion of his

"Venus" idea. For he began, even then, to paint his pictures on both sides of the canvas.

Probably it was the end of 1592 before he sent the manuscript of "Venus and Adonis" to Southampton, with the private "embassage" of the 26th Sonnet, bidding him keep it—

> "Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
> Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
> And puts *apparel* on my tattered loving,
> To show me worthy of thy sweet respect," (S. 26)

i. e. until he could publish it.

By the spring of 1593 the Archbishop of Canterbury had licensed it, and by April 18th, Richard Field had entered it as his copy in the Stationers' Register. The poet published a timid dedication; he would not shame his friend until he knew how the critics would estimate him and his work. Then came a surprise to both of them and to the world. "The first heir of Shakespeare's invention" succeeded to his heritage at once!

The world was ringing with his name while he went on with the promised "graver labour." Some of the later Sonnets seem studies for Tarquin, as some of the earlier had been for Adonis. It is worth while considering Sonnet 129 in this light.

The Dark Lady.—Shakespeare was on a journey away from his friend when S. 27 was written, probably on a performing tour. That and the sequence up to S. 32 show how the remembrance of the "sweet love" of his friend comforted him in fatigue, sleeplessness, poverty, anxiety and disgrace. Then the bright landscape was covered with dark clouds. Here the Sonnets from 127 to the end should be laid side by side and interleaved as they seem to fit, and after an interval, following 39. The influence of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," published 1591, may be seen in them; they doubtless were written in the heat of passion, disappointment, jealousy and grief, and bear exaggeration on their forehead. Nevertheless it seems evident that under the depressing influences of the plague year, during a long separation from his friend, the poet had himself been tempted by a vision of Venus, under the guise of a dark-eyed witch, a married woman, full of coquettish wiles. There is no clue to the identity of the lady. Most probably she was not a lady at all, in the court sense, but one of the rich citizen's wives, many of whom had been educated by wealthy fathers, up to the level of the culture of the time, in art and music, a woman who had been married just long enough to feel a sense of *ennui* creep into her leisured

life, and a desire for new conquests steal into her vain soul.

Such a one Shakespeare might have met in the very house he must most have frequented. I do not *know* anything about the moral principles of Mrs. Jacqueline Field, and do not formulate a charge against her. But such a one fulfilled all the necessary external conditions. Further, she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore likely to have dark eyes, a sallow complexion, and that indefinable "charm" which is so much referred to. Such a woman might very well have ignored young Shakespeare when he first came to town and she was a bride; but when she found he was making his way among the aristocracy, might suddenly have become interested in him, and lay her toils. She tuned her sweetest music to his tastes, while she played remorselessly upon her hearer's heart. After the publication of "Venus and Adonis," she seems to have achieved her desire, met Shakespeare's patron, and entangled him for a short time in a game of bagatelle, in order to torture her victim's heart. While left out in the cold, a prey to horrible doubts and fears, Shakespeare learned to distinguish the false from the true in Spenserian contrast, threw off the yoke of the evil spirit, rose triumphant

over jealousy and passion, and, faithful to the love given to his friend, rose to the height of self-renunciation. Then the tragedy was over; there had been no treachery, no cruelty, the thought of rivalry had "been but fantastic," it was all a mistake, a comedy of errors. The echo of the situation rings through Shakespeare's plays—misunderstandings, distress, explanations—such as befell between Antonio and the youth Sebastian who had bewitched him.

A strange reminiscence of this private drama seems interwoven in "Willobie his Avisa," registered on September 3rd, 1594, in which "Shakespeare's Lucrece" is definitely mentioned, and "H. W. and W. S." alluded to, under conditions which suggest another view of the Dark Lady sonnets. The editor, Hadrian Dorrell, or another, paints an admirable woman of incorruptible chastity, beset by many wooers. Many strange parallels between the phrases of this curious book and those of the Sonnets might be noted, especially the puns on the various uses of the word "Will," so much and so vainly laboured by the advocates of the Herbert-Fitton theory.

"H. W. bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease unto his familiar friend W. S., who not long before had tried the courtesy of a like passion, and was but

newly recovered of the like infection . . . who determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this *new actor* than it did for the *old player*. At length this comedy was like to have grown into a tragedy." It is just possible to have been the work of some rival, and the "dark lady" herself may have been the moving spirit in the publication. Personalities were evidently intended and resented, pressure was applied, and the book was called in. But it doubtless left its pain in Shakespeare's heart—

"'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed."

The Sonnets were resumed with even greater fervour, but, during a separation, caused by the poet's absence from town, the patron seems to have listened to the praises of other poets, to have become interested in their work, and the poet found, on his return, that he spent on others some of the hours hitherto devoted to Shakespeare alone, as noted above.

Thence arose the autobiographic outbursts of scorn against the "alien pens" (S. 78), and the heartrending allusions to a "better spirit" (S. 80), and "the proud full sail of his great verse."

Who was the rival Poet?—Doubtless the self-depreciation was somewhat overdrawn, as well

as the "passion," but it meant *something*. The chief rival was probably Chapman, as Professor Minto suggested. His "Shadow of Night" appeared in 1594, which quite accounts for Shakespeare's language in regard to him. It may have circulated some time in manuscript while awaiting a patron. But he left no notice of, or address to, the Earl of Southampton, until the next century. Evidently the young Earl, moved by his poet's suffering, did "grant that he was married to his muse," and had refused to become, in print, the special patron of rival poets. Possibly one of the "alien pens" was Barnabe Barnes, who in 1593 wrote a sonnet to Southampton—

> "Receive, sweet Lord, with thy thrice sacred hand,
> (Which sacred muses make their instrument)
> These worthless leaves" . . .
> "with gracious eyes,
> Those heavenly lamps which give the muse's light."

Gervase Markham prefaces his "Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville," 1595, with an epistle to Lord Mountjoy, and three sonnets, 1st to the Earl of Sussex, 2nd to the Earl of Southampton, 3rd to Sir Ed. Wingfield. He addresses Southampton thus—

> "Thou glorious laurel of the Muses' hill
> Whose eyes doth crowne the most victorious penne."

In 1594 Tom Nash dedicated his prose novelette, "The Life of Jack Wilton," to Southampton, as to a "dear lover and cherisher as well of the lovers of poets, as of the poets themselves," and later, he addressed a sonnet also to him. Many other poets, and would-be poets, crowded round such a desirable patron, but his heart returned to Shakespeare, the love of his youth.

Theatrical, literary, and business affairs seem to have lessened Shakespeare's attentions latterly, and the patron himself in turn seems to have had a fit of jealousy, alluded to in S. 109, and answered in—

"O, never say that I was false of heart."

In order to secure forgiveness even for the appearance of neglect, he can remind the youth—

"That you were once unkind befriends me now."

Southampton and Shakespeare from 1594. —But all frictions were smoothed away, and the happy friend, and triumphant poet, was able to redeem his promise, and register his "Graver Labour" in May 1594, dedicated openly to his patron in nearly the same words as he had used privately in S. 26. His "Lucrece" made his position in the

literary world assured ; equalled the proud full sail of his rival's great verse, even in the domain of *night*, and cleared the poet's character in the eyes of sober men.

In the same month that Shakespeare's second poem was registered, and dedicated to her son, the Countess of Southampton married Sir Thomas Heneage, Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, and a trusted friend of the Queen. Henceforth court life was opened to Shakespeare in a way it had not hitherto been.

The following Christmas, for the first time, his name was entered in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Privy Chamber, he having played before the Queen at Greenwich. He is known to have played in other dramas later, and it is probably in allusion to some honour at some such performances, or at "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that the poet used the phrase—

"Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy?" (S. 125.)

In two ways, both unpleasant, his young friend's name was bandied about among the gossips of Paul's Walk in the following year. Sir Charles Danvers and his brother, instigated by personal revenge for some cause unknown, in January 1594-5, took their ser-

vants and went out deliberately to murder two men. They stalled their horses in Southampton's house at Tichfield, stayed with him some time after, and he rode up to London with them. Gossip wanted to know then how far he was concerned in the affair, and it is hard to understand even yet.

The other cause was more natural. Southampton, "having passed by the ambush of young days," fell incurably in love with the fair Mistress Elizabeth Vernon, cousin of the Earl of Essex, and maid of honour to the Queen. He needed no further sonnets to urge him to matrimony. But now the Queen herself forbade the banns. The Sidney papers say, "in the absence of Essex he is a careful waiter here and, '*sede vacante*,' doth receive favours at her Majesty's hands." It was the other Elizabeth, however, who drew him so near. Of course he was too impulsive, and too regardless of appearances. "My Lord Southampton doth with too much familiarity court the fair Mistress Vernon," wrote Rowland Whyte on September 22nd, 1595. This gossip sank into Shakespeare's soul; he knew he might be blamed, as having been the young lord's friend and adviser. Thus he called him to task in Sonnets 95 and 96. His counsel was not in vain, at least for a time.

Thereafter the intimacy of the friendship, or at least the frequency of its expression, began to diminish. Southampton's leisure hours were absorbed by Mistress Vernon, or the Earl of Essex. None of the Sonnets seem to suggest Southampton's voyages, bravery in fight, knighthood, marriage, or subsequent imprisonment. The poet himself states that the acquaintance had been running on for three years, by the time he wrote his beautiful Sonnet 104.

But they lasted some time longer than that. Sonnet 107 is generally believed to be the last. But, as it may be read in four different ways at least, it does not give any certain date.

"The Passionate Pilgrim."—Having interwoven many of his phrases, ideas, and even situations into the plays, having given examples of sonneteering even in "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare's fame became fixed in 1598 by the liberal praise of Francis Meres, Professor of Rhetoric at Oxford, brother-in-law of Florio, the philological protégé of the Earl of Southampton. When Meres mentioned "the sugred sonnets among his private friends," it is a pity he did not say how many there were. It is probable the series was then complete. This is the more likely from the action of Jaggard, the

piratical publisher, in the following year. By some means he had become possessed of two of these private metrical epistles, Sonnets 138 and 144; had taken the Sonnets printed in "Love's Labour's Lost"; had stolen many verses from other writers; and had published them, *without registration*, in 1599, as "The Passionate Pilgrim," by William Shakespeare. Among those stolen were Thomas Heywood's "Paris to Helen," and "Helen to Paris." To reclaim his own, Heywood inserted these in his "Troja Britannica," published in 1609, registered much sooner. Lowndes tells us there was a second edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," of date unknown, because no copy is extant. This apparently re-included Heywood's verses, and probably appeared early in 1609. The history of this piracy is interesting to us, because in connection with it we find the only recorded notice of Shakespeare's opinion of his publishers. "Heywood's Apology for Actors" came out in 1612. In the postscript he complains of the manifest injury done him by Jaggard, by taking these verses not only once but twice, under the name of another, who had printed them, as if that other had wished to do himself right. But Heywood knew this other "to

be much offended with M. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."

It has always been taken for granted that Shakespeare was in no way concerned with the publication of the Sonnets. But he sympathized with Heywood, and it is just possible that he may have allowed his "private friends" to publish all that he laid claim to, in order at once to punish Jaggard, and to protect Heywood with other injured poets. In "New Shakespeareana" (New York) for January 1903, Dr. Appleton Morgan contributes an interesting paper on "The Passionate Pilgrim," but he does not believe in there having been a second edition at all. He believes Jaggard lied in this, as in other things. He had the piratical audacity to bring out, in spite of Heywood's and Shakespeare's protest, a third edition in 1612, with an expanded title, "The Passionate Pilgrim, or certain amorous sonnets between Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare. Whereunto is *newly* added two Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris." An evidence that pressure was brought to bear upon him is given by the

fact, that though Heywood's verses are mentioned as an advertisement on the title-page, they are *not* included in the text!

The Dedication of the Sonnets. — To whatever cause we may owe it, the Sonnets were published by T. T. or Thomas Thorpe in 1609, were called "Shakespeare's Sonnets," and the attribution to the poet has never been contradicted. But a whole series of "Wars of the Roses" has taken place, as we have seen, over the name of the friend. Thomas Thorpe wished happiness and that eternitie promised by the ever-living poet to Mr. W. H., the only-begetter. Who was Mr. W. H.? Though years had elapsed since the writing of the Sonnets, it might have been thought undesirable to give any clue to the identity of the persons addressed, and the initials *may have been used* as a veil, as thick as possible, to hide the truth. This notion has led many to think it was meant for William Herbert; others that it was meant for Henry Wriothesley, with the letters inverted, not to link further associations with the H. W. of "Willobie his Avisa." It is, of course, possible, but exceedingly unlike Thomas Thorpe. It is much more than likely that he wrote this extraordinary address, which is not a dedication, it may be

noted, to suit himself and the person from whom he received them. In prose it reads, "Thomas Thorpe, the well-wishing adventurer, in setting forth, wisheth Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, all happiness and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet." It does not seem fervent enough to address to the friend, as many have agreed: but what is the meaning of "begetter"?

Was "W. H." William Harvey?—The only person whom I think *might* fit all the phrases in Thomas Thorpe's dedication was *Mr. William Harvey*. He has been known to have been consulted in the days before the Sonnets, when every one was badgering the young earl to marry. It is *very probable* that he suggested Shakespeare's writing the Sonnets to move the young earl's mind. What makes this probable is his own first marriage.

In spite of her careful and tender nursing, duly recorded in the State Papers, the Countess of Southampton had lost her second husband, Sir Thomas Heneage, in 1595, and had had sad troubles over the arrears of his accounts for the Privy Chamber. She had trouble with her son too, through his independence, his frequent absences, his keeping secret his relations with Mistress Elizabeth Vernon, his stolen

marriage, and his imprisonment. More and more she leaned on the faithful friendship of William Harvey, who had become a knight in 1597, at the same time as her son, on the Island voyage of Essex. Finally, she promised to marry him, and this made her friends angry with her. But she took her own way, and married Sir William Harvey in 1598, shortly after her son had made her a dowager. She died in 1607, and it was noted by Chamberlain that she had "left the best part of her stuff to her son, but the most part to her husband."

It is very likely that an MS. copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" would be left in her house among the "most part of her stuff," and that Harvey sent it on to Thorpe for publication. To a man like him, the dedication, such as it was, can be considered perfectly suitable. People frequently spoke of a "knight" then as "Mr."—the Countess always did so of her husband, Sir Thomas Heneage. Harvey was a distinguished man and a friend of letters. Further, after the death of the Countess in 1607, he had consoled himself with a bright young bride, Mrs. Cordelia Ansley of Lee. It might seem, therefore, quite consonant to Thorpe's ideas of gratitude and admiration, to wish the hero of the Armada "all

happiness and *that* eternitie promised by the ever-living poet." He, being Thomas Thorpe, might refer to a long line of descendants—

> "Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
> Leaving thee living in posterity?" (S. VI. 11, 12.)

This cannot of course be proved. But the explanation is so simple, and fits so naturally into the whole known series of facts, that it may be remembered as a hypothesis, until something better can be brought forward.

The Place of the Sonnet in Literature.—The Sonnet or Sonata was a poem, intended to be sounded or sung, and hence it is a species of lyric verse; yet partaking somewhat of the dramatic method, in that the general ideas are introduced to us in the first quatrain, their interweaving follows in the second and third, and somewhat of an illuminating dénouement appears, or should appear, in the last couplet. Sonnets were frequently written in sequences or series of connected conceptions and incidents.

The Sonnet holds a peculiar place in English Literature as an exotic, its primary characteristics being determined by foreign inspiration. The form

of its construction was imported from the Italian by Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey early in the sixteenth century, though it was somewhat modified by laxer use of the rules of Sonnet-writing in the English language. The term was sometimes very loosely applied to any short lyrical poems.

The relation of the versification to the Italian Sonnet may be noted. The Petrarchian form may be considered as being made up from the Ballet Stave of eight, with close rhymes, and of two triplets rhyming thus, 1221 2332 454 545.

Surrey and Wyat varied this considerably in the direction of simplicity and facility for the users of English.

Some of Surrey's varieties run thus—

1212 3434 5656 77
1212 1212 1212 11
1212 1212 3232 44
1212 1212 1212 33

Wyat's favourites seemed to be—

1221 1221 3433 44
1221 1221 3443 55

The Sonnet-measures are uniform in Shakespeare, with the exception of two. He has 15 lines in one

Sonnet (the 99th), the 5th being the extra one, and the 126th is made up of 6 alternate rhyming couplets, hence not a Sonnet at all.

The form which was used by Shakespeare has come to be named the Shakespearean or English Sonnet. But it differs from the classical models, and even from the measures of other English contemporaries. Yet it may be seen that it is the same form as the first example given of Surrey's verse—

1212 3434 5656 77,

and though the rhymes vary, it is practically the same as the others used by the early sonneteer.

Milton carried the form back nearer to the original, his being associated with Wyat's forms, though he has ample variations, as—

1221 1221 3434 34
1221 1221 3454 35
1221 1221 3453 45
1221 1221 3434 34
1221 1221 3223 23

By the dropping of the final couplet English Rhythms gained what has been called the Elegiac Stanza.

The earliest collection of sixteenth-century poems,

among which were interspersed at least some Sonnets, was the much-reprobated by the sober sort, and now altogether lost, "Court of Venus," once in the possession of Captain Cox of Kenilworth fame. The only two remaining fragments which bear the name, the Bodleian and the Britwell fragments, were evidently parts of a revised and improved later recension. Some of the Sonnets therein contained are by Sir Thomas Wyat, as I have explained in my articles, "On the Court of Venus" ("Athenæum," June 24th, July 1st, 1899).

Bale attributes this in error to Chaucer, in his note concerning the edition of that poet's works suppressed in 1532, discussed by Francis Thynne in 1599. "Tottel's Miscellany," appearing in 1557, was thus at least the *third* of these collections, instead of the first, as has been supposed. It contained twenty Sonnets by Wyat, sixteen by Surrey, and many by other and inferior writers.

The most important later poetical miscellany is "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," first appearing in 1576, which ought to be more studied in relation to Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Van der Noodt published a series, avowedly translated from the sonnets of Du Bellay and Petrarch

by Edmund Spenser, in blank verse, in 1569, which were included in his works in 1591.

(Spenser's "Shepherd's Kalendar" came out in 1572.)

The harbinger of the new harvest of Elizabethan Sonnet Literature was Thomas Watson, who in 1582 published "Hekatompathia, or the Passionate Century of Love." He named each Sonnet a "Passion," which explains Shakespeare's use of the word in the phrase "The Master-Mistress of *my Passion*." Watson took the trouble to write explanatory notes of his meaning, and give the sources whence he borrowed his conceits. It would have been very helpful if Shakespeare had done so. But he did not write for publication. Nevertheless it is significant, that as early as 1595, in Clarke's "Polimanteia," there is a curious and suggestive, if not clear, marginal reference to "All praise-worthy Lucrecia, sweet Shakespeare, wanton Adonis, Watson's Heyre."

(Puttenham's "Art of English Poetry" was printed by Field, 1589. The first three books of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" appeared in 1590, and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" in the same year, which, quite as much as any collection of Sonnets, affected the early efforts of the poet.) In 1591 was published Sidney's

"Astrophel and Stella," with some of Daniel's Sonnets, to the reading of which may be traced Shakespeare's shaping of the series addressed to the Dark Lady.

Daniel published a collection of "Sonnets to Delia after French Models" in 1592, dedicated to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

At the same time Henry Constable brought out "Diana, the praises of his mistress, in certain Sonnets." In the same year also appeared "Four Letters and Certain Sonnets" by Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser.

In 1593 appeared "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," by Barnabe Barnes; "The Tears of Fancy, or Love Disdained," the posthumous volume of Thomas Watson, somewhat resembling Shakespeare's Dark Lady Sonnets; "Licia," by Giles Fletcher. Though nominally praises of a real lady, Fletcher states his Sonnets to be only "literary experiments."

1594.—"Phillis honoured with pastoral Sonnets, elegies and amorous delights," by Thomas Lodge. The first part of "Christian Passions," containing a hundred Sonnets of "Meditation and Prayer" (Henry Lok), was printed by Richard Field (as also Thomas Campion's "Observations on the Art of English Poesie").

"Idea's Mirror, amours in Quatorzains," by Michael Drayton.

"Sonnets to the fairest Cælia," by William Percy.

"Zepheria, a set of Canzonets," anonymous, many of which use legal terms as freely as does Shakespeare.

"A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy," by George Chapman.

"The Shadow of Night," by the same.

1595.—"Cynthia," by Richard Barnfield, contained some Sonnets.

"A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets," by Barnabe Barnes.

"Amoretti," by Edmund Spenser.

1596.—"Diella," by R. L., probably Richard Linch.

"Fidessa," by Bartholomew Griffin.

"Chloris," by William Smith.

"More Christian Passions," Sonnets by Henry Lok, appended to his "Ecclesiastes."

1597.—"Laura," by Robert Tofte.

Meanwhile many volumes in prose or poetry had appeared with more or less numerous dedicatory Sonnets; and many other sets were circulating in manuscript. Of these, Shakespeare would probably see, through the Earl of Southampton, not only the

"gulling sonnets" of John Davies, but the experiments of the Earl of Essex, when he sulked or suffered, and "wanted to evaporate his thoughts in a sonnet," to be sung before the Queen ; and the series entitled "Cælica," by the philosophical Sir Fulke Greville (afterwards Lord Brooke), M.P. for Warwickshire in 1592-3, and Recorder of Stratford-on-Avon, a "countryman" of Shakespeare's. He had been the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, Edward Dyer, and Gabriel Harvey, the protector of Giordano Bruno, and the author of some Plays after Classical Models.

The fashion of sonneteering waned and the production of this form of verse slackened by 1598. Most of the Sonnets published early in the seventeenth century had been written in the sixteenth. The few who did write them after that date, did so from personal taste rather than the constraint of fashion.

This review is valuable in showing the importance of recognizing Shakespeare's true *date*, in order to estimate the originality and freshness of the Sonnets which I believe commenced in 1591, and ran on for some years.

Editions of the Sonnets.—The first edition of the Sonnets appeared in quarto form in 1609, and seems to have been divided between two booksellers,

because some are "to be sold by William Aspley," and others by "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church Gate," at 5*d.* a copy. The poem called "The Lover's Complaint" was affixed as if by Shakespeare. The second edition did not come out until 1640, when there appeared "Poems written by W. Shakespeare, gent., printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, 1640." The price of the small 8vo was one shilling. It did not include Sonnets XVIII, XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, XCVI, CXXVI; the others were rearranged, grouped, and headed by fanciful titles. Some interesting poems referring to Shakespeare and other contemporaries were added at the end. Benson the publisher writes a Preface to the Reader, describing them as "serene, clear, and elegantly plaine, such gentle strains as shall re-create and not perplexe your brain, no intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle your intellect." These were included with the poems in the Seventh Volume of William Shakespeare's Works, edited by C. Gildon to complete Rowe's Six Volume edition. Bernard Lintott republished the Sonnets after the original quarto edition, but they received little critical attention until the nineteenth century.

It would be impossible to mention all the Essays written concerning them, or even all the Volumes. The chief nineteenth-century editions, or important theories concerning their genesis, are "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, being his Sonnets clearly developed from his works, Charles Armitage Brown, 1838"; "A Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets by Herr von Barnstaff, translated into English, 1862"; "Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare, E. H. Hitchcock, 1865"; "Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare, by Francis Turner Palgrave"; "The Sonnets of Shakespeare Solved, the mystery of his friendship, love, and rivalry revealed, by Henry Brown, 1870"; "Shakespeare's Sonnets, by Professor Edward Dowden, 1881"; "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets, by Gerald Massey, 1888"; "Shakespeare's Sonnets with Notes and Introduction by T. Tyler, 1890"; "The Sonnets, by Israel Gollancz (Temple Shakespeare), 1894"; "The Poems of Shakespeare, by George Wyndham, 1898"; "Shakespeare's Sonnets reconsidered, by Samuel Butler, 1899."

I have been unable through lack of space to give reasons for my difference of opinion on so many points from all previous writers; and can only refer

the student to my articles, which more fully give my proofs and references :—

"Bacon-Shakespeare Question answered," 2nd ed., 1889, pp. 10, 241.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets," 1890, Shakespeare Jahrbuch, Berlin, reprinted in English.

"Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries," 1892 : articles "Richard Field," and "The Grevilles."

"The First Official Record of Shakespeare's Name," 1895, Shakespeare Jahrbuch, Berlin, Band xxxii.

"The Athenæum"—

"The Date of Shakespeare's Sonnets," March 19th and March 26th, 1898.

"The Metrical Psalms and the Court of Venus," June 24th, 1899.

"The Authorship of the New Court of Venus," July 1st, 1899.

"The Paradise of Dainty Devices," Aug. 19th, 1899.

"Mr. W. H.," August 4th, 1900.

"The Life of Henry, 3rd Earl of Southampton," 1904 (in preparation).

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

SONNETS

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III

LOOK in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

UNTHRIFTY loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

V

THOSE hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

THEN let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII

LO, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX

IS it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

FOR shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI

AS fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O THAT you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV

NOT from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality :
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

WHEN I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this (Time's pencil, or my pupil pen),
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A WOMAN'S face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for woman's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

SO is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

AS an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

MINE eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

LET those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII

HOW can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth), sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth

XXXIV

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

NO more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII

AS a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

HOW can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, HOW thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

XL

TAKE all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

XLI

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

THAT thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected ;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed ;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV

THE other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight,
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

HOW careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

AGAINST that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L

HOW heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI

THUS can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so seldom and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

LV

NOT marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

SWEET love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might ;
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your Will,
(Though you do anything), he thinks no ill.

LVIII

THAT God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

IF there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

IS it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

AGAINST my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he 's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art, made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And Captive Good attending Captain Ill;
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

AH! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX

THOSE parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soyle is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX

THAT thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV

BUT be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII

SO oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, HOW I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I GRANT thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathis'd,
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII

I NEVER saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

WHO is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew?
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV

MY tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'T is so, 't is true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

WAS it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fil'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting? 5
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking; 10
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII

WHEN thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deed to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII

SO shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV

HOW sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife, ill-us'd, doth lose its edge.

XCVI

SOME say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX

THE forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay.
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on thy love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

ALACK! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV

LET not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

WHAT 's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX

O, NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

ALAS, 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

YOUR love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinks y' are dead.

CXIII

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

OR whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV

THOSE lines that I before have writ, do lie;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII

ACCUSE me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

LIKE as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

THAT you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that, your trespass, now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

NO! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:

CXXIV

IF my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV

WERE 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O THOU, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

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CXXVII

IN the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII

HOW oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss.

CXXIX

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

MY mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV

SO now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI

IF thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O, CALL not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL

BE wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

IN faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII

LOVE is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII

LO, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

TWO loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits, do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

CXLVI

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth that rebel powers array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

MY love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O ME! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

CANST thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL

O, FROM what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

IN loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII

CUPID laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

THE little love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

APPENDIX

EDITOR'S SUGGESTED RE-ARRANGEMENT OF THE SONNETS

In touching this question, it must be carefully remembered that I do not attempt to *better Shakespeare*, but to *find out what he means*, and to *get behind Thomas Thorpe*. It is very evident that the sonnets to the Lady at least must be out of order, as they were contemporary with some of those addressed to the youth. Any disarrangement of the verses gives a suggestion for further revision. Some of the Sequences are determined by catch-words, or in others by what may be called catch-ideas, linking one sonnet to another. But in some we find phrases and ideas, apparently intended to be further worked out, and in others there are opening phrases, that had evidently depended originally on some other verse. By laying the whole of the sonnets open in their present order, on a table, and studying them carefully, moving them again and again, I believe that I have been able to pick out and piece together *some* of these separated pairs. The simplest series to change is that addressed to the lady. I am aware that this rearrangement sometimes produces breaks elsewhere. But my work is only, as yet, tentative, and those who read the sonnets in my order, carefully, and without prejudice, or preconceived determinations through custom, may find that they may not only approve of my idea, but by some more fortunate inspiration, may be able to help forward the elucidation of the sonnets in this way, further than, as yet, I pretend to have been able to do.

I confess that my firm belief in the early date of their inception has been a guiding principle in selection, when there was to be any change. But I have never changed order that seems natural.

SERIES.

1st. Poetical Experiments . . . . . .
2nd. Urging the Youth to marry at the request of some one . .
3rd. Personal affection developes. The Youth an inspiration . .

4th. Complimentary Badinage . . . . . .

5th. The Poet sends Manuscripts . . . . . .
6th. Feels the comfort of his Friend's love . . . . . .
7th. Temptations . . . . . .

8th. Departure . . . . . .
9th. Travel . . . . . .
10th. After return sees the Lady . . . . . .

11th. Hears that his own particular Friend superseded him . . .
12th. Reproaches the Lady for causing a double pain . . . .
13th. Love's unreasonable Fever . . . . . .
14th. The Poet's Meditations . . . . . .
15th. The Poet's gift to reconciled Friend . . . . . .
16th. Beauty and the power of Time . . . . . .
17th. Rumours concerning Rivals . . . . . .

18th. The Rivals . . . . . .

19th. Healing of the Breach . . . . . .
20th. Shewing he feels old and weary . . . . . .
21st. Absence, which gives pain . . . . . .
22nd. The Friend is coming of age (1594)? . . . . . .
23rd. Gossip concerning Friend . . . . . .

24th. The Poet forgets to sing . . . . . .

25th. Clears himself from charge of faithlessness . . . .

26th. "The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love" . .
Triumph of Love over Time . . . . . .
27th. Time's control of Nature . . . . . .

TO THE YOUTH.	TO OR ABOUT THE LADY.	IMPERSONAL.
. . . . .	. . . . .	cliii., cliv.
i., ii., iii., iv., v., vi., vii., xii., xi. viii., ix., x., xiii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xxiv., xx., xxi., xxv., xxii.		
. . . . .	cxxvii., cxxxii, cxxviii., cxlix., cxlv., cxxxviii., cxxx.	
xxiii., xxvi.		
xxix., cxii., xxx., xxxi., xxxii.		
. . . . .	cxlviii., cxli., cxxxi., cxl., cxxxix., cl.	
l., li., xliv., xlv., xlvi., xlvii. xxvii., xxviii.		
. . . . .	cxxxvi., cli., clii., cxlii., cxliii., cxxxv.	
xxxiii., xxxiv., xli., xl., xlii., xxxv.		
. . . . .	cxxxiii., cxxxiv.	
. . . . .	cxxxvii., cxlvii., cxliv.	
. . . . .	. . . . .	cxlvi., cxxix.
lxxvii. lxii., lxiii., lx., lxiv., lxv., lv. lxxv., xlviii., xlix., lxxxviii, lxxxix., xc., cxxi., xxxvi., xci., xcii., xciii. lxxvi., lxxviii., lxxix., lxxx., lxxxii., lxxxiii.–lxxxvii. lvii., lviii., xliii., lxi., lvi. lxxiii., lxxiv., lxxi., lxxii., lxxxi. xcvii., xcviii., xcix., liii. civ., cv., cvi., lix. lxvi., lxvii., lxviii., liv., xciv., lxix., xcv., xcvi., lxx. c., ciii., ci., cii., lii., xxxix., xxxvii., xxxviii., cviii. cxxii., cix., cx., cxi., cxvii., cxviii., cxiii., cxiv., cxix., cxx. cxv., cxvi., cxxiii., cvii., cxxiv., cxxv. cxxvi.		

NOTES

I

The youth is urged to perpetuate his beauty in his posterity, which would otherwise be lost to the world. See similar arguments in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

l. 1. Cp. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 171 : "By law of nature thou art bound to breed."

Also *Twelfth Night*, I. v. Viola to Olivia :

> "Lady, you are the cruelest she alive
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy."

Also *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. :

> "O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
> That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
> *Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
> *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
> For beauty, starved with her severity,
> Cuts beauty off from her posterity."

l. 12. "Churl," rough and illiberal. "Niggarding," being miserly.

II

When you are old, to see yourself in your child will make you feel young again.

l. 1. "Forty winters," an early date for old age, but sufficient to alarm the very young.
l. 4. "Tattered weed," valueless. Cp. "Beauty's Rose," S. I. 2.
l. 6. "Lusty days," days of strength and health. Cp. S. V. 7, "Lusty leaves."
l. 7. "Deep-sunken eyes." Cp. S. I. 5, "Bright eyes."
l. 11. Shall complete and balance my account.

III

The youth is depriving some woman of a mother's joy.

l. 1. Look in thy glass to see what thou really art. Cp. l. 9.
l. 5. "Uneared." Cp. Ded. to *Venus and Adonis*: "Never after ear so barren a land."
l. 7. "Fond," foolish.
l. 9. The mother must have been beautiful in her youth; see Introduction, p. xxvi.
Cp. *Lucrece*, l. 1758:

> "Poor broken glass, I often did behold
> In thy sweet semblance, my old age new born."

l. 13. If you do not wish to be remembered.

IV

The same subject, treated in relation to economy. The unthriftiness of celibacy is treated in legal terms. It is extravagant to spend one's capital, so that there is nothing to leave. Nature only lends under trust.

l. 5. "Niggard," miser. Cp. S. I. 12.
l. 7. "Profitless usurer," a usurer without taking interest.
l. 12. "Audit," how canst thou settle accounts with Nature?

V

The poet continues the same advice, emphasizing the idea of the unceasing march and destructive energies of time. The glad summer will be destroyed in hideous winter, therefore we should distil the flowers of summer.

l. 1. "Hours," in Quarto "howers," a dissyllable.
l. 4. "Unfair," *v. t.* will take away fairness.
l. 7. "Lusty leaves," full of sap and beauty. Cp. S. II. 6.
ll. 9–13. But the distilled perfumes of flowers are their spirit, their substance, their essence. Cp. Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Have you ever seen a pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while the beautiful glass imprisons it." (Gerald Massey.)
l. 14. "Leese," lose.

VI

Continuation of V., both in advice and in figures.

l. 1. "Ragged," an opprobrious term, but it may be associated in idea with the roughness of winter. (Malone.)
l. 6. "Happies," verb active transitive, to make happy.

VII

Continuation of the same subject, but the new figure is the course of the sun.

l. 2. "Under eye," the eyes of all upon the earth.
l. 5. "Steep-up," the steep ascent of the arch of heaven.
l. 9. From the climax to the anticlimax, descent towards old age, on the "steepy" slope downwards.

VIII

Domestic life produces musical harmony. The charm of music cannot be completed by unison.

l. 1. Thou, whom to hear is music, why?
"Sadly." Cp. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music." (*Merchant of Venice*, V. i.)

l. 14. Cp. "One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men."
Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. (Mr. Wyndham.)

An MS. copy of this sonnet, with slight variations, is in the Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 15,226. (Tyler.)

IX

Does he fear to destroy that harmony by his own death, and make a widow weep? (This suggests that the youth's mother was a widow.) But he ought to think of the greater loss his celibacy would cause the world.

l. 4. "Makeless," mateless, unmatched.
Cp. Surrey's Sonnet:

"The turtle to her make hath told the tale."

X

Continues the same theme, almost the same sentence. The youth does not love any one, or he would consider others.

l. 2. "Unprovident," improvident, wasteful.
l. 7. "Beauteous roof" seems to refer here to the bodily house of his spirit. "Ruinate," destroy, ruin.
l. 13. Implies that the youth already loves the poet.
l. 14. Cp. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 173:

"And so in spite of death thou dost survive
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

XI

While the father is declining to old age, his son is growing to maturity. Thus his virtues are preserved, otherwise folly leads to decay. The world would come to an end if all acted so. This might be all right for unlovely people, but the well-endowed owe a debt to Nature.

This and the next sonnet should, I think, follow VII.

l. 4. "Convertest," changest from youth to age.

l. 11. She has given thee more than the best-endowed of men.

l. 14. A printer's figure. Cp. *Twelfth Night*, I. v. : "Leave the world no copy" (S. I.).

XII

Again the poet dwells on the destructive power of time.

l. 2. "Hideous night." Cp. "Hideous winter," S. V. 6.

ll. 7, 8. The summer sheaves borne on a winter bier.

ll. 9–14. Thou also must die. Nothing will serve you in your fight against Time, but posterity.

XIII

The poet reminds his patron that he had only a life-interest in his beauty, only a lease entailed, though he had power to bar succession.

If the XI and XII sonnets are moved backwards, this, in following X, completes the idea there expressed.

l. 1. This is the first time the poet addresses the youth as "love."

l. 6. "Determination," a legal term for closing.

l. 9. "So fair a house" here seems to refer to the family, rather than the bodily house of X. 7.

l. 13. "Unthrifts," to recal the idea of thriftlessness or extravagance.

l. 14. Cp. Shallow to Slender: "O boy, thou hadst a father." *Merry Wives*, III. iv. (36).

But it may also suggest that the youth's father was dead, otherwise it should have read, "Thou hast a father."

XIV

The poet believes in the power of the stars, but cannot prophesy to the minute about the fate of others. His friend's eyes are stars that prognosticate that beauty will die with him if he leaves no heirs.

l. 1. Cp. Sidney's *Astrophel to Stella*, XXVI., Astrologie:

"Though dusty wits do scorn Astrologie,
And fools can think those lamps of heavenly light * *
To have no cause for birthright in the sky,
But for to spangle the black weedes of night * * *
For me I do Nature unidle know
Who oft foresee my after-following race
By only those two stars in Stella's face." (Tyler.)

l. 2. "Astronomy," astrology.

l. 12. "Convert to store," *i.e.* to seed-corn, not for temporary use. Cp. S. XI. 9.

XV

Part of the sequence in which no allusion is made to the main theme. Perfection endures but for a moment. The poet introduces the idea that because of the passing of time, he must fix the beauties of his friend in a record more permanent than himself.

l. 3. Cp. *As You Like It*, II. vii. (139): "All the world's a stage."

Also *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. (77):

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part."

Also *Tempest*, IV. i. (152) : "The great globe itself," etc.
l. 4. "Comment," determine the effect and the meaning.
l. 7. "Vaunt," exult.
l. 9. "Conceit," consideration, thought.
l. 14. I graft you on to a more permanent stock than youth.

XVI

The sequence is carried on. The poet is perpetuating the youth's beauties in verse. But the youth can do more for himself than the poet can do in his "barren rhyme."

l. 8. "Painted counterfeit," a portrait of the youth, which probably had been already taken. But the natural is better than the artificial. Cp. S. LIII. 5, and XLVII. 6.
Merchant of Venice, "Fair Portia's counterfeit."
l. 9. The figures here get a little mixed. "Lines of life—" Mr. Tyler considers either wrinkles on the brow, or children. Mr. Wyndham suggests lines of the poet's verse, or palmistry. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. (146) :

"Here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives."

l. 10. Referring to the "counterfeit," the "lines," it means Time's masterly treatment, or my unskilled pen.
Cp. "Untutor'd lines," Ded. to *Venus and Adonis*.
Cp. S. XIX. 10, "Thine antique pen."

XVII

The sequence developes the idea of the permanence of verse, as well as its insufficiency to represent "heavenly touches."

l. 6. "Numbers number," in different poems reckon.
l. 11. Your due be considered only a poet's "passion."
l. 12. "Stretched metre," inflated phrases. Q. "miter."

XVIII

An attempt is made to expand the description of the "heavenly touches" of his friend. Each figure is incomplete in itself, yet the poet feels that his fresh numbers will be everlasting, when, conquering death and time, he makes the youth live in the eternal present of poetic expression.

l. 7. Everything that is beautiful falls some time from beauty.

XIX

Addressing *Time*, as treated at the close of the previous sonnet, the poet gives him permission to do his fell work anywhere but on his Love's fair brow. Yet if he does his worst, his Love shall live in his verse.

l. 5. "Fleet'st," imperfect rhyme to "sweets." Should the latter be sweet'st?

l. 9. Cp. S. XVI. 9 and 10.

l. 12. "Beauty's pattern." Cp. S. XI. 13.

XX

The poet describes the "pattern" alluded to in XIX. 12. His friend is as lovely as woman, without her faults, hence "master-mistress."

l. 2. "Passion," lyrical love poem.

Cp. Watson's hundred "passions" or sonnets.

Referring to the mood, cp. Hamlet's "tear a passion to tatters."

l. 5. Cp. S. CXXXIX. 6, and CXL. 14.

l. 6. "Gilding," blessing, brightening.

l. 7. Cp. S. LIII. "Hue," Quarto "hew," has a double meaning, colour and appearance. This has been supposed by some to refer to a proper name, and to imply the sonnets were

addressed to Mr. William Hughes. A prose fact would not be a poetic figure, and there is no foundation for such a supposition. It means a man in appearance so beautiful, he can control all other beings or appearances.

Cp. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book V. c. ix.:

> "Then gan it run away incontinent,
> Being returned to his former hew."

XXI

The charm of the unpainted beauty of his friend further carried out by the consideration of the fashionable vice of women in painting their faces. His friend is as fair as any human being, though not so bright as the moon and stars. He needs not *flatter* his friend. Mr. Wyndham thinks this the first attack on the false art of a rival poet.

l. 5. "Couplement," the association of the person praised with the thing compared. Cp. *Love's Labour's Lost:* "Most royal couplement."

l. 7. Cp. S. I. 10 and XCIX.

l. 8. "Rondure," circumference of the universe.

l. 10. Cp. "Thou art as fair as any earthly wight." The Earl of Pembroke's poems, 1660.

l. 13. Cp. "Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise." *L. L. L.*, IV. iii. (334).

XXII

The signs of age that the poet sees when he looks in a mirror are not believed, as long as he looks into his friend's youth and beauty—which, as they have exchanged hearts, is his. He cautions the youth to be as careful as he is, because if one is slain, the other must die.

l. 4. "Expiate," come to an end. Cp. *King Richard*, III. iii. (33) : "Make haste, the hour of death is expiate."

XXIII

When the poet had met the youth, his love was tongue-tied through excitement, therefore he had not said all he intended to say. Let his verses, written in his books, explain the meaning of his heart.

l. 1. An allusion to the player's experience.

l. 2. "Put beside." We would say "put out of."

l. 5. Referring back to figure in lines 1 and 2, for fear of the trust of his friend.

l. 7. Completes the second figure in lines 3 and 4.

l. 9. "Books," Sewell reads "looks."

l. 12. Let my table-books be more eloquent than that tongue that hath, at other times, expressed more, in a fuller manner.

l. 14. To look through the signs of one sense-perception into the meaning of another.

XXIV

Dwelling on the figure of the power of the eyes. The poet's eye has engraved the youth's beauty on his heart. His friend can look through his bosom's eyes and see it. The conceit is intricate, and requires careful working out, and is somewhat common among contemporary poets.

Cp. Henry Constable' *Diana*, V. (1594) :

> "Thine eyes, the glass, where I behold my heart,
> Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
> May see my heart ; and there myself espy
> In bloody colours, how thou painted art."

Cp. also S. XLVI.

l. 1. "Stel'd," engraved. Cp. *Venus and Adonis*, 376 : "Being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it."

l. 4. The root-idea "looking through," referring to the artist's use of his arched hands to select, group, and focus a picture.
ll. 8–11. The windows of his bosom are the eyes of his friend.
l. 13. "Cunning," skill.
l. 14. This power hath his friend's eyes, and his own lack.

XXV

The power of the stars gives honour to many. I unexpectedly receive and rejoice in what I most honour. Princes' favourites often fade like marigolds at a frown. The victorious warrior, if once defeated, is forgotten—I that love and am beloved, I am safe.

l. 6. "Marigold," Sunflower, or Turnesol.
l. 9. "Famoused," made famous. Quarto reads: "For worth."
l. 11. Theobald proposed "fight" to rhyme with "quite"; or retaining "worth" to rhyme with it, to read "razed forth." The latter seems to me the more Shakespearean ending.

XXVI

The poet sends a "written embassage" to the Lord of his Love. He hopes the youth will read it, improve it, and keep it until the stars are favourable for its publication. Cp. the Dedication to *Lucrece*, 1594, and Introduction, p. xxxiii.

l. 1. The phrases point to high rank in the youth.
l. 9. "Star." Cp. S. XXV. 1.
l. 10. "Fair aspect," astrological term, favourable position.
l. 11. "Puts apparel," prints and binds my book.

XXVII

A new series, after a long interval. The poet is on a journey, probably on a performing tour. When he hastes to bed for repose, his thoughts travel to his friend, and keep him awake.

l. 4. To set my mind to work, when my bodily task is done.

l. 10. "Shadow," image or likeness.

l. 11. Cp. *Romeo and Juliet*. I. v. (47) :

> "It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

l. 14. Double use of the word "for." *On account* of thee find no quiet *for* myself.

XXVIII

The continuation of the ideas of last sonnet. His friend had evidently wished the poet some benefit from the change—how can this come to pass, when toil, absence, sleeplessness and anxiety combine to oppress him? He flatters day and night by turns in vain. The day makes his sorrow longer by increasing the distance between them ; the night makes his grief stronger by envisaging his friend.

l. 12. "Twire," peep and twinkle. Cp. "I saw the wench that twired and twinkled at thee the other day," Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Woman Pleased*, IV. i. (Dowden.)

Cp. also "Which maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers thus," Ben Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, II. i.

XXIX

Apparently the poet's home-news were depressing. He felt anew what the loss of his inheritance meant. Probably Greene's reproaches sunk deeper than we know. Shakespeare's advancing culture makes him judge himself and his productions more severely than before. He is writing in a divine discontent. But when he thinks of his friend, he has all that he wants, and sings like a lark for joy. Mr. Tyler thinks this the same time of absence. I think it is different.

l. 11. Cp. *Cymbeline* II. iii. (21) :

> "Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise."

XXX

The poet remembers his disappointments in life, and the loss of many precious friends. The language is suitable to address to a young legal student. The settlement for the expenses of past losses is made up by the present love.

l. 1. "The Sessions," Court of Assizes.

XXXI

The completion of Sonnet XXX. Having made up for all the lost loves, the friend takes their place.

l. 1. "Endeared," made more dear or precious.

l. 5. "Obsequious," suitable to a friend following to a grave, or obsequies.

l. 9. Rather a mixed metaphor and strained idea. Thou art the living grave of my dead lovers, adorned with all their virtues, glories and remembrances.

l. 14. Thou, being all of them, hast with them the whole of my heart.

XXXII

The poet has survived many friends. If the youth survive him, he may read again his lines, and think the poet might have done better had he lived longer. But the improvement in later poets' style will not express any stronger affection.

l. 1. "Well-contented," satisfied to die.

l. 4. "Lover," friend. Antonio was the "bosom-lover" of Bassanio (*Merchant of Venice*).

l. 7. "Reserve," preserve.

l. 14. Mr. Tyler thinks this borrowed from Marston's *Pigmalion's Image*, published 1598, and takes it as a sign of date, "March rich bedight in warlike equipage." But the two phrases may well have had a common source.

XXXIII

The poet compares his friend to a bright morning sun, too soon shrouded in the gloom of gathering clouds. The poet's loving heart does not disdain his friend for this, covering him as with a mantle of charity, and by the comparison with the sun, excusing his flaws.

ll. 1–6. Cp. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. iii. (84):

> "Oh how this spring of love resembleth
> The uncertain glories of an April day,
> Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
> And by and by a cloud takes all away."

l. 4. "Alchymy," chemistry.
Cp. *King John*, III. i. (77):

> "The glorious sun
> Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist."

l. 6. "Rack," thin broken clouds, also applied to the foam of the sea.
Cp. *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. (10):

> "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish . . .
> The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct."

Cp. *Hamlet*, II. ii. (505):

> "But as we often see against the storm
> A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still."

l. 12. "Region," the place where the sun reigns.
Cp. *Hamlet*, II. ii. (508):

> "Anon the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region."

XXXIV

Continuing the figure of the sun and clouds, the poet reproaches his friend for having left him without preparation from the storm. Repentance cannot repair the loss. The poet catches himself up lest he should blame his friend too much.

l. 3. "Base clouds," low-lying rain clouds. Cp. S. XXXIII. 5, "basest clouds."

l. 4. "Bravery," glory. "Rotten," that which rots. Cp. *Timon*, IV. iii. (2):

> "Oh blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
> Rotten humidity."

l. 12. "Cross," trial. "Losse" in Quarto. Malone substituted cross, from the parallel in S. XLII. 12:

> "And both, for my sake, lay on me this cross."

XXXV

Completing his pardon, the poet bids the youth dry his tears. There are flaws and faults in many beautiful objects of nature, and in all men. He commits a fault himself by supporting the evil-doer by these comparisons that seem to hide the evil.

l. 3. "Clouds and eclipses," faults of a temporary nature.

l. 4. "Canker," vital and permanent faults. Cp. S. LXX. 7, and XCV. 2.

l. 6. "Authorising," giving excuse or authority by these comparisons.

l. 7. "Corrupting," bribing, perhaps associated with the rich pearls of tears.

l. 8. Making greater excuses than thy sins require.

l. 9. "Sensual," submissive to the senses. "Sense," intellect. Cp. *Measure for Measure*, I. iv. (50): "The wanton stings and motions of the sense."

Cp. *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. (22): "Indued with intellectual sense and souls."

Cp. *L. L. L.*, V. ii. (258): "Above the sense of sense, so sensible seemeth their conference."

l. 10. Legal phraseology; the plaintiff is counsel for the defendant.

XXXVI

The friendship had hitherto been so perfect, that the two might have been treated as one. Now, though they love each other still, there is a difference. This recals the fact that social position to a certain extent severs them. They have not the hourly opportunity of private intercourse. It would be better for the youth not to acknowledge such an acquaintance, and separation is the best means of remedy.

l. 3. "Blots," insufficiencies.

l. 6. "Separable spite," that which separates us in rank and wealth.

Cp. "Fortune bars," S. XXV. 3. "Fortune's dearest spite," S. XXXVII. 3. "Disgrace with Fortune," S. XXIX. 1.

l. 9. There may be something understood here as to possible aspersions on *Venus and Adonis*, and its author.

ll. 13, 14. Repeated in S. XCVI. 13, 14.

XXXVII

The poet has been cruelly thwarted by fortune in securing the life he would have desired for himself; but he sees all he could wish in his friend, and that suffices for him. The wish that his friend should have everything that is best, is granted, and the good fortune comes to himself.

l. 1. "Decrepit," his being decrepit and lame is only figurative; "poor and despised," only relative.

l. 2. The father watching his active child in the lists.

l. 3. Cp. "Come lame me with reasons. Then were two cousins laid up—the one lame with reasons, the other mad without any." *As You Like It*, I. iii. (6).

ll. 5–7. Mr. Wyndham shows that these phrases may be explained from terms of heraldry, and quotes a passage from Gwillim's *Display of Heraldry*, that Shakespeare seems to have read: "The four parts of nobility, riches, blood, learning, virtue," etc.

l. 7. "Entitled," ennobled in rank, or entituled in heraldry.

l. 10. This imagination gave him the reality. Cp. S. XLIII., LIII., CXIII., CXIV.

XXXVIII

The poet finds inspiration in his friend, too excellent to be commonplace. Cp. S. XXI. 1. He is the tenth muse, by invoking whom, the poet should bring forth eternal verse.

Cp. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I.: "That to the height of this great argument," etc. "What is low, raise and support."

l. 3. "Argument," subject matter.

l. 4. "Vulgar paper," common writer.

l. 7. "Dumb," cp. S. LXXVIII. 5:

> "Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing."

l. 12. "Eternal numbers," enduring poetry.

l. 13. A mixture in metaphor. The "slight muse" is the poet's own power, the tenth muse is the patron ten times worth the rest. "Curious," critical and intricate. The old Church music was called "curious music."

XXXIX

How can the poet properly praise his friend, seeing he and his friend are one? It is perhaps wise that they should be separated

awhile, that he may be able more fully to praise him. What a torture absence would be, did it not leave more leisure for memory.

l. 2. Cp. S. LXXVIII.
l. 5. Cp. S. XXXVI. 6.
l. 12. "Deceive," beguile or help to pass away.

XL

The poet hears that his friend had injured him during his absence, yet, as the two were one, he could not blame his friend for taking his love for his own. In appearance, however, there was a robbery, which the poet forgives; a loss of perfection in his admired friend, yet they must remain friends.

l. 1. Cp. S. XXXI. 1: "Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts." Here he adds the living to the dead.
l. 5. If thou receivedst my love, for the sake of thy love for me.
l. 8. "Wilful taste," a key to the Will sonnets. "Refusest," the youth has refused the advice of the early sonnets, and now fears not "the mortal taste of that forbidden tree."
l. 10. Thou, being wealthy, doth steal all that I have in poverty.
l. 14. You have wronged me much, wrong me more if you will, we must not be foes. It would seem poor-spirited, but that he evidently does not care much.

XLI

Carrying on the idea of the last, the poet finds excuses for his friend. His beauty, youth, and liberty, when the poet was absent, gave opportunity to temptation. It is difficult for a man to resist a pleading woman, but he might have done so in this case, where there was a double wrong.

l. 1. "Liberty," licence, freedom from the restraint of the external conscience of the poet in his absence.

l. 8. "Sourly," ungraciously.

l. 12. "Two-fold truth," he was false to the poet in regard to his own vows of affection ; and also through causing the lady to break hers.

XLII

An expansion of the previous sonnets, showing that the loss of the lady has affected the poet less than the dejection of his friend. Yet he tries to excuse both, with hyperbolical fancies that they have loved each other, because they both love him. As his friend and he are one he may take it as flattery. But the specious argument does not satisfy him. They find each other, but he suffers for both.

l. 12. "Lay on me this cross." A powerful figure of suffering. Cp. S. XXXIV. 12: "To him that bears the strong offence's cross."

Also S. CXXXIII. 8 : "A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed."

XLIII

The poet sees his friend best at night. Commonplace sights fill his eyes by day, but at night he dreams of his friend, or sees him projected in the darkness to his sleepless eyes.

l. 1. "Wink," close the eyes in sleep. Cp. *Tempest*, II. i. (284) :

> "You doing thus,
> To the perpetual wink for aye might put
> This ancient morsel."

l. 5. "Shadow shadows," whose appearance makes the glooms bright.

l. 6. "Shadow's form," reality or substance.

l. 11. "Shade," shadow or appearance, generally applied to a ghost.

XLIV

If the poet's flesh were thought, he would leap to his friend, however distant he may be; but, alas! it is compounded of earth and water, the two heavy elements, which only give him power to weep.

l. 1. "Substance," "the shadow's form." Cp. S. XLIII. 6.

l. 2. "Injurious," inimical to his interests.

l. 9. Double use of "thought" the action, and "thought" the abstract.

l. 11. Being wrought of so much earth and water.

They thought all things were composed of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water. Cp. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. (10): "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Cp. *Henry V.*, III. vii. (53): "The dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

l. 12. The opportunity given by time for meeting.

l. 14. "Either's woe" may refer either to the two elements or the two friends.

XLV

Continues the last. The two gross elements are left with the poet, the other two elements of which he is made, air and fire, modified into thought and desire, are always with his friend. He is melancholy without them, until they return for a moment bearing good news of his friend. Sending them forth again to watch his friend, he grows sad.

l. 1. "Slight," light; "purging," cleansing and reducing

weight. Cp. *Antony and Cleopatra:* "I am fire and air, my other elements I give to baser life."

l. 4. Always going and coming.

l. 6. "Embassy." Cp. "Written embassage," S. XXVI. 3.

XLVI

The poet has his friend's picture, and his eyes and his heart dispute which have the better title to it. A set of legal phrases are used suitable to a young law student, and a verdict is given, or rather an arbitration as to the share of each. Under the artificial conceit, and conventional treatment, there is real feeling. This may be compared line by line with S. XXIV.

Cp. "The Auctour to his Eye," *Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

l. 2. "Thy sight," the sight of thee and of thy picture.

l. 5. Cp. S. XXIV. 7.

l. 9. "'Cide," decide; "impannelled," summoned as a jury.

l. 10. "Quest," a set of jurymen or suitors at the Court Baron, at which tenants had to attend. Cp. *Richard III.*, I. iv. (189):

> "What lawful quest have given their verdict up
> Unto the frowning judge."

XLVII

Continuation of the idea. The disputants are now accorded and help each other to rejoice over the "Shadow" of the friend. So that he is always with the poet, through the one or the other.

l. 4. Sighs come forth so fast that they smother the heart.

l. 6. "Painted banquet," the picture.

l. 7. The eye can reproduce his image from his heart's thoughts.

XLVIII

This seems to begin a new sequence, though still in absence. It gives a little touch of Shakespeare's character; it shows he was careful and methodical, reticent withal. He was a locker-up of treasures he would not have profaned by a vulgar eye or touch. But he could not lock up his friend, save in his heart, whence he might stray. He had begun to fear that this precious jewel might be stolen from him. Probably some gossipy letter had suggested danger.

l. 5. My other treasures are trifles compared to thee.

l. 7. Best of all that is dearest to me, and my only anxiety.

l. 11. "Closure," enclosure. Cp. *Venus and Adonis*, 782: "Into the quiet closure of my breast."

l. 14. Even honesty may prove a thief for a friend so dear.

XLIX

The poet prepares himself for a change in his friend's affection by reminding himself he was not worthy of it. It would be perfectly legal to desert him.

l. 4. "Audit," the reckoning up of accounts. "Advised respects," reasons of counsel.

ll. 7, 8. When love shall find reasons of acknowledged sufficiency, to change it from the thing it was.

l. 9. In preparation for that time, I consider my poor desert.

L

The poet finds his journey doubly weary—for the very ease and repose at each day's close remind him that he is further from his friend. The horse, sympathizing with his rider, moves slowly, but he does not care. If impatience makes him use the spur, the animal's groan reminds him of his grief.

ll. 2, 3, 4. A strong personification; the travel's end teaches ease and repose, to say, etc.

LI

Continuation of the idea. There is no need to hasten the horse till he is on his return journey. Then he would be inclined to use the spur though mounted on the wind. Therefore it is almost as well to get down and run, to satisfy the eagerness of desire by a feeling of haste.

l. 10. Desire is fleeter than any horse ; it is of no dull flesh, but of fire. Cp. S. XLIV. and XLV.

l. 12. My love, for the sake of the horse's love.

l. 14. Love will run to thee figuratively and give his jaded horse leave to move slowly.

Cp. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. (388): "Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn."

LII

The poet has returned to his friend, but feels he must not indulge in his society too much, lest he lose the joy of rare pleasures. He can triumph in his friend's presence all the more fully that he has to exercise patience with hope in his absence.

ll. 1, 2. Cp. S. XLVIII., where the poet states he had locked up everything but his friend.

l. 8. "Captain," chief jewels. "Carcanet," necklace.

Modern necklaces have their larger beads in the middle, but old ones were threaded more like rosaries to guide the prayers.

l. 9. Time is the chest, in which his friend has been concealed from him during the period of separation. But of this he holds the key.

LIII

What can his friend be composed of, that millions of images of other people's qualities should attend on him? Ordinary

beings have only one shadow or simulacrum. All things beautiful and graceful are images of his friend, but there is no one like him for constancy. Cp. S. XXXVII., CXIII., CXIV.

l. 1. "Substance," the philosophical notion of the substratum of attributes.

l. 2. "Strange shadows," attributes of other people.

l. 5. "Counterfeit," the verbal picture. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. iv. (54) : "The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."

l. 7. "Helen's cheek." Cp. S. XX. 1 : "A woman's face."

l. 9. "Foizon," autumn, harvest, plenty.

l. 14. None for constancy can be compared with you.

LIV

The constant heart of the youth gives a new charm to his beauty, as perfume does to the rose. When the beauty of the youth passes, the poet's verse shall distil his truth.

l. 4. Cp. S. V. 13 : "Flowers distilled, leese but their show."

l. 5. "Canker-blooms :" some consider this the scentless dog-rose, through the comparison of *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. iii. (28), and 1 *Henry IV.*, III. (176). Mr. Wyndham thinks it means a cankered rose, and gives many parallels, from Sonnets XXXV. (4), LXX. (7), XCV. (2), XCIX. (13), *Venus and Adonis*, 656.

1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv. (68) :

> "Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?"

Romeo and Juliet, II. iii. (30) :

> "Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Cp. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. (43) :

> "In the sweetest bud
> The eating canker dwells. . . The most forward bud
> Is eaten by the canker ere it blow."

Midsummer Night's Dream, II. ii. (3) :

" Some to kill cankers in the musk-rosebuds."

King John, III. iv. (82) :

" Now will canker sorrow eat my bud."

2 *Henry IV.*, II. ii. (102) :

" O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers."

The effects of the canker or cancer is one of Shakespeare's recurrent ideas.

l. 14. Professor Dowden refers to *Passionate Pilgrim*, VIII. 1 :

" Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded."

" Vade," pass away, fade. The distilled *essence* of his friend will be preserved in the poet's verse. Cp. S. V. 13, 14.

LV

Carrying on the idea of the preservative power of verse, the poet assures his friend, he will be remembered thereby when stone, marble, and gilded monuments shall have been destroyed. The sonnet suggests the reading of Horace and of Ovid. The remarkable reference to Mars, his sword and fire, makes Mr. Tyler think that the poet must have read Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (published 1598) before he wrote this reference to his own works. But it is quite possible both authors took it from a common source ; and it is almost certain Shakespeare would see Meres' work in manuscript. Meres was brother-in-law to Florio, another special *protégé* of the Earl of Southampton.

l. 1. Malone pointed out the resemblance herein to Horace's " Exegi monumentum aere perennius," etc.

l. 3. " These contents," the praises contained in these verses.

l. 7. See Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, Part II., f. 282, " Mars Ferrum, flamma." (Mr. Tyler.)

l. 12. "Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" *Macbeth*, IV. 1.

l. 13. "That" until the judgment, when you yourself shall arise.

l. 14. You live in this poem, and remain imaged in the eyes of the lovers who read it.

LVI

A new sequence; pre-occupation, or even absence is implied. The poet addresses the abstract love of his friend, perhaps even his own passion, which he fears is abating in power. He wishes it were like the appetite for food, which is satisfied only for a time, and returns with hunger. In expectation of a separation, he suggests that the two might daily come to the shore of the sea, waiting and looking for the return of love; as if the Vision of Hero and Leander had flitted across his brain. Or he may consider the coolness a winter, awaiting the welcome summer.

l. 9. "Interim," the time intervening between meetings.

l. 12. It would almost seem as if they were to see each other when afar off.

LVII

There seem to have been some remarks made not over-pleasant to the poet. He is eager to show the fault is not on his side, and answers them all with repeated asseveration. He is his friend's slave, has no right to control his pleasure, and has nothing to do but wait and watch for him, and think how happy he may be elsewhere.

l. 5. "World-without-end hour," the weary course of waiting minutes.

Cp. *L. L. L.*, V. ii. (798):

> "A time methinks too short
> To make a world-without-end bargain in."

l. 7. "Bitterness of absence sour," unpleasant and hard.

l. 13. "True a fool," a suggestion of unwisdom in the passion. It may be intended to bear a double meaning.

LVIII

The poet continues the notion of slavery, though there is a touch of pique, irony, and mock submission to a sovereign who is unjust, and has power to pardon himself for a crime done. The poet has to endure all.

l. 1. "That God forbid:" does the poet mean Cupid, the God of Love?

l. 2. There must have been some appearance of attempted control.

ll. 5, 6. There is a curious parallel here, hitherto unnoticed, between these words and a letter written to her father concerning her husband, by the Countess of Southampton. See *Cecil Papers*.

l. 7. "Sufferance," endurance. *Merchant of Venice:*

> "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

l. 8. The poet has been checked and controlled by the youth, without reproach.

l. 9. "Charter," patent, right to do as you please.

l. 12. The youth is doing a wrong to himself, in slighting the poet's feelings.

l. 13. Cp. S. CXX. 6: "You have passed a hell of time."

LIX

A new sequence, in which, referring to some late discussion between them of Giordano Bruno's philosophy, the poet suggests that he would like to read a past poet's praises of his present friend.

l. 1. The Preacher said, there is nothing new under the sun.

l. 3. Men's brains are deceived when they think they invent anything new.

l. 8. Since thought was first expressed in writing.

l. 11. Whether human beings have grown more beautiful or not.

l. 12. "Revolution," cycle, whether the *same* thing happens over again.

l. 14. To inferior characters have given admiration.

LX

The melancholy idea of the recurrence of incidents in the stream of time awakens in the poet the notion of the waves rolling up on the beach, each one changing place with that which rose before. Infancy merges into maturity, misfortunes come, and maturity falls into decay and death. Yet the poet believes his verse will endure, and preserve his friend's beauty to future times.

l. 1. This teaches us that by this time the inland poet had looked upon the sea beating upon some pebbly beach, probably Dover. The picture would have been different had he seen it on sand.

ll. 3, 4. In unvarying succession of effort and fall.

l. 5. "Nativity," birth, an astrological term. "Main of light," the great expanse, like the sea.

Over the wave-picture the poet projects the Astrological. Cp. "My nativity was under Ursa Major."—*King Lear*, I. ii. (140).

> Cp. "Thou had'st as chiding a nativity as fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make."—*Pericles*, III. i. (32).

l. 6. "Crawls," not the idea of a prolonged infancy, but of the abject condition of man. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. i. (120):

> "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven?"

l. 7. "Crooked eclipses," malign influences, tending to decay.
l. 8. Time, that gave the nativity, now destroys it. Cp. S. V.
l. 9. Time destroys the flower-like beauty of youth.
l. 10. Time digs the wrinkles.
l. 11. And will destroy even his friend's perfections.
l. 13. My verse will preserve you till future times.

LXI

The poet again refers to the sleeplessness caused by thinking of his friend, as he had done in S. XXVII—then, for pure love, now tainted with a touch of jealousy. Is it his friend's spirit come to see what he was doing? No—his friend's love is not great enough for that, it is his own love that wakes and watches while his friend is all too near others.

ll. 1–4. Image and shadows, as so often used in the double sense.
l. 5. Can his friend's spirit leave the body to come to him?
l. 13. Cp. the old Scotch song:

"When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking o' my dearie;
Aye wakin' O,
Wakin' aye and wearie,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking o' my dearie."

l. 14. It would seem that rumour had reached him concerning his friend's companions.

LXII

The poet feels beautiful because he looks into beauty. His intense admiration of the face he looks into, of the virtues he

perceives, kindles the passion of self-love in his soul. When he looks into a faithful mirror, he learns the truth of his wrinkled, weather-beaten face. It is the beauty of his friend he considers as his own, he being one with him.

l. 7. I reckon my worth superior to others, in every respect.

l. 10. Weather-beaten, wrinkled, discoloured by age and exposure.

l. 14. "Painting my age," making my old age beautiful.

LXIII

The ideas continued. The poet is preparing his verse, so that his friend may not be cut from memory by cruel Time. But when he is old and wrinkled, he will seem young in the poet's verse.

l. 6. "King," possessor.

l. 7. Malone pointed out that the idea of "having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill" (S. VII.) may be completed by the steep-down descent on the other side.

l. 10. "Age's cruel knife." Cp. Time's scythe, S. LX. 12.

LXIV

The depressing thought of Time's destructive power is expanded. Lofty towers are destroyed, the ocean gains on the shore, and the shore on the ocean. Thus Time will come and take away his Love—and he shivers at the thought, as at the presence of death.

l. 1. England's *Helicon*, 1600, quotes from *Lucrece*, St. 136 :

> "Time's glory is . . . .
> To ruinate proude buildings with thy howres,
> And smeare with dust their glittering golden toweres,
> To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
> To feed oblivion with decay of things,
> To blot old books and alter their contents."

l. 5. Cp. 2 *Henry IV.*, III. i. (45) :

"O God, that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea ! and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips."

ll. 13, 14. Cp. "There is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid."—Tom Hood.

LXV

Since sad mortality destroys all the strong things of the earth, how shall frail beauty have a chance ? The awful thought oppresses him that the beloved one must be involved in the general destruction. He tries to encourage himself that his friend might be perpetuated in his verse.

l. 3. "Rage," destruction, violence.
l. 6. The figure of a city besieged by Time.
Cp. *Macbeth*, V. v. (51) :

"Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

l. 10. His friend is Time's best jewel, and Time's chest is here the grave, not as in S. LII. 9, the casket.

LXVI

The poet's experience on the fringe of the fashionable world has made him loathe society and life. He would be glad to leave it all, save that he would also leave his friend. Mr. Tyler compares the melancholy to that of Hamlet :

"The world is out of joint."

l. 1. "For restful death I cry." Cp. S. XXXII. 1 : "My well-contented day."

ll. 2, 3. Even amid the ranks of the poets, Shakespeare might have seen this.

l. 4. False witness is borne against pure truth.

l. 8. Cp. S. XXXVII. 3 : "Made lame by fortune's dearest spite."

l. 12. The climax. This includes all the above and more. If this could be explained by contemporary history, a key would be found for the date, and the explanation of much else. But nothing is clear enough to affirm.

LXVII

The poet contemplated his own departure with eagerness ; this consideration made him willing to contemplate his friend's. Why should he live amid the weltering mass of evils, and grace the vile state of society with his presence ? Nature has no true beauty but his, and she preserves him to show what men used to be.

l. 1. "Infection," a powerful word in these times of plague.

l. 3. That sin may have more power to do damage through the veil of goodness thrown over it by his society.

l. 4. "Lace," adorn. There is also another meaning, in the crossed lines made by lacing boots or a bodice, which seems that of *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. (7) :

> "What envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east."

Also compare *Macbeth*, V. iii. (117) : "Duncan's silver skin laced with his golden blood."

l. 6. "Dead seeing," appearance of beauty without reality.

l. 7. "Poor beauty," lack of beauty.

l. 8. "Roses of shadow," mere appearance.

l. 12. "Proud of many," that seem beautiful, but there is none left her as an exemplar but the youth.

Cp. Sonnets LXXXII., LXXXIII., LXXXIV., LXXXV.

LXVIII

Completion of the previous sonnet. The youth illustrates real beauty, as it was before artificial accessories were known, not only by painting the face, but by the use of false hair.

ll. 1 and 13. "Map," pattern, guide, chart. A favourite simile of the time when maps were developing as rapidly as literature. Cp. "Thou map of honour" (*King Richard II.*, V. i. (12).

l. 3. "Bastard," false, not legally derived from nature.

ll. 5–8. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 92 :

> "So are those crisped snaky golden locks
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

Ibid., sc. iii. (73) :

> "So may the outward shows be least themselves,
> The world is still deceived with ornament."

LXIX

The poet tells his friend that his external beauty is so great that all men praise it, even his enemies. But the same tongues gossip of his inner faults. He had been too careless of his companions, and in such a world as the poet saw, "infection" would be sure to follow.

l. 4. Even foes praise his beauty in unwilling truth.

ll. 8–11. It would seem that it was the voice of misjudging foes that spake evil of his friend's mind.

l. 12. They say that thy flower-like beauty has no flower-like odour or reputation.

l. 14. The Quarto has "solye" ; evidently intended for soyle, with the double mean of stain, because thou dost grow common ; and the meaning of "assoil" to answer the question or puzzle.

LXX

The blame does not prove that the friend deserves it. Slander always attacks the fair, the good, and the true. The poet acknowledged that his friend had been triumphant over temptations, but this fact would not silence envy. The temptation, of itself, caused suspicion.

l. 3. "Suspect," suspicion, a black crow that darkens heaven's beauty.

l. 6. "Time." Mr. Wyndham considers this allegorical; wooed and not won by Time. But another simple explanation is the proposed reading, "oftime."

l. 7. This would explain the Canker Vice, as an external assailant, and allows line 8 its natural meaning.

l. 13. "Suspect," as in line 3. "Masked not," hid not.

LXXI

The poet had contemplated his own death in Sonnets XXXII. and LXVI. Here he probably answered an exclamation from his friend, that he could not live without him. The poet loves him so that he bids him mourn no longer than his funeral. In those days men generally buried their friends very shortly after death. He bids him not even drop "the obsequious tear," but to forget, so that he might suffer no sorrow or reproach.

l. 8. If thinking about me causes you pain, forget me.

l. 10. Cp. 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. v. (115), as in line 4:

> "Only compound me with forgotten dust,
> Give that which gave you life unto the worms."

LXXII

Continuing the last sonnet the poet entreats, Should the world mock you with me when I am gone, and ask you to explain how you could love me; you could only answer it by

some virtuous lie. It would seem that the force of the world's argument lay in the fact that the poet was a "player," and that such "shadows" were temporary. He is so depressed in spirit that he includes his poems in his shame.

l. 8. "Niggard truth," exact truth.

l. 9. Lest you may "seem false" by praising me and give more cause of suspicion to your enemies, let my very name be forgotten, because his very productions shame him, and should shame his friend. (It may be that he had had a stinging notice of *Venus and Adonis*.)

LXXIII

The poet's melancholy view of life, his overwork, sleeplessness, and possibly ill-health, make him feel in the winter of his age, the late twilight of his day, in the deep glow of nigh-consumed ashes of the fire of life. His friend notices this decay and loves him the better for it.

l. 2. Some trees, in some winters, retain their faded leaves.

l. 4. The idea of Gothic architecture, suggested by the leafless trees in the wood, with the further association of so many ancient structures at his time going to ruin since Henry's reformation.

l. 12. The fuel and the fire vanish together through burning.

l. 14. Thou must lose ere long.

LXXIV

The poet bids his friend to be contented at his departure. Only the baser parts of him perish, his better part is his spirit, which belongs to his friend, through life and death, and remains visible to him in his verse.

l. 1. "Fell," inexorable. Cp. *Hamlet*, V. ii. (347):

> "Had I but time (as this fell serjeant Death
> Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you."

l. 3. "Interest," property.
l. 5. Cp. S. XXXII.
l. 6. See the Dedications.
l. 11. This does not refer to a real attack and a wound, but a possible attack.
l. 14. "This," the poet's verse, which he considers the worthy outcome of his inner being.

LXXV

The poet tells the youth that he is as necessary to his existence as food and water is to life. He feels now like a miser gloating alone on his treasure, then glad that others should understand his treasure, anon fearing that thieves should steal it.

l. 6. The figure evidently conveys a personal fear.
l. 14. Proud as an enjoyer, or clean starved by the absence of his friend.

LXXVI

The poet answers objections made either by his friend or by his rivals ; there can be little variety when the subject is always the same, always his love to his friend.

ll. 1–4. Refers to a change of fashion in literary style, new literary tricks, and new compounding of words.
Cp. S. XXXII. and CXXV. Mr. Tyler thinks this may refer to Chapman.
l. 5. "All one." The Wriothesley motto was "Ung par tout, tout par ung." Cp. Sonnet CV. 4.
l. 6. "Invention," poetry. "Noted weed," well-known attire or form.
l. 7. That his style shows who wrote it ; mannerism.
l. 11. "Dressing," arranging.

LXXVII

The poet sends this sonnet with a suggestive gift, a table-book, which had apparently a small mirror let in the cover, and a dial-plate in some way associated. The glass and the dial will remind him of the passage of time, the book will help him to preserve his thoughts from decay.

l. 6. "Mouthed graves," open graves, a stronger figure than "lines," "parallels," "trenches," used previously for wrinkles.

l. 12. Ideas written down and reconsidered are understood differently from mere thoughts.

l. 13. "Offices," duties.

LXXVIII

The poet has been so often helped by his Muse that rivals try to take advantage of his inspiration too. He urges his friend to remember their special relations.

l. 3. "Every alien pen," implies many rivals.

l. 4. Publish or scatter their poetry under thy patronage.

ll. 5–8. Thine eyes taught me, the dumb, to sing; educated my ignorance; and they have added new graces to these strangers already learned.

l. 9. Be more proud of mine, for it is all thine; these others you only improve.

LXXIX

Jealousy, and wounded love, affect the poet's art. While he alone had the full flow of thy inspiration, his gracious numbers displayed his friend's gentle grace. Now, in retiring to give another place, his Muse falls sick, and can do no more work. The rival poet had evidently praised the youth in verses that have not come down to us.

l. 4. "Sick muse," unable to invent.

l. 5. "Argument," subject matter in his friend.

l. 7. "Thy poet," an ironical touch : the poet uses objectionable phrases, as his "robs," "stole," etc.; "owes," "thank him not."

LXXX

Continuing his complaint, the poet says his "sick muse" "faints" when he tries to write, now that he has a rival in a "better spirit." Doubtless the self-depreciation is exaggerated, through courtesy, or through a hint from his friend after the uncomplimentary language of last sonnet.

ll. 2, 3, 4. The rival poet tries to stop Shakespeare's utterance by himself praising his friend.

ll. 5–14. The figure of a great ship which is his rival and a small boat which is himself, on the wide ocean of his friend's influence. It is interesting to remember that Fuller followed the figure in describing Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

l. 7. "My saucy bark." Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. (35) :

> "The sea being smooth
> How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
> Upon her patient breast, making their way
> With those of nobler bulk !
> But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
> The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
> The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
> Bounding between the two moist elements
> Like Perseus' horse ; where then the saucy boat
> Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
> Co-rivalled greatness ? Either to harbour fled,
> Or made a toast to Neptune." (Tyler.)

l. 14. My devotion to you prevented my general success.

LXXXI

Either the poet or his friend may die first, but Shakespeare's poems will be an enduring monument to his friend, though the writer may be forgotten. Cp. S. LV.

l. 3. "From hence," from the memory of this world.
l. 5. "From hence," from the preserving power of the poems.
l. 8. "Entombed in men's eyes," through their reading the poet's descriptions. Cp. S. XXXI.
l. 12. "Breathers," those who are alive.
The lines from 9–12 were found written on paper pasted on the back of an old portrait of the Earl of Pembroke (b. 1580) recently purchased by the present Earl. But the paper and the handwriting were of the early nineteenth century.

LXXXII

The poet, in reply to some excuse from his friend, grants that he is free to do as he pleases about his poets. He may need others to portray his perfections better, but they are apt to flatter, while Shakespeare was a faithful-speaking friend. This seems to refer to minor rivals, and less respectful language is used.

l. 1. Cp. S. XXI. The series urging matrimony, ended in "marriage to his muse"; the youth esteeming his poet better than a wife.
l. 3. The words in the Dedications of their books to thee.
ll. 4, 5. "Fair," beautiful in person, admirable in knowledge. "Hue," appearance. Cp. S. XX. 7.
l. 8. "Stamp," certificate. Cp. Gervase Markham's Anagram, "The Stamp in Honour."
l. 11. "Sympathised," the root-meaning, the poet felt one feeling with his friend.
l. 13. "Gross painting," coarse flattery; see next sonnet.

LXXXIII

The poet expands his idea of the "gross painting" of his rivals. He had left his friend's perfections to speak for themselves. The youth had evidently blamed him for this, and the poet proudly excuses himself. It has never been noted that he almost echoes one of the contributions of William Hunnis to the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*:

"He assureth his constancie.

With painted speache I list not prove my cunning for to trie,
Nor yet will use to fill my penne with gilefal flatterie;
With pen in hand, and hart in brest, shall faithful promise make
To love you beste, and serve you moste, by your great vertues sake.
And sure Dame Nature hath you decked with gifts above the rest,
Let not Disdaine a harbour finde within your noble brest," etc.

l. 1. "Painting," mere meretricious ornament.

l. 2. "Fair," substantive. "Beauty left unadorned 's adorned the most."

l. 4. "Barren tender," poor offering.

l. 6. "Extant," being in existence to prove his worthiness.

l. 9. "My sin," my fault. This phrase gives a standard by which to measure the import of some of the poet's strong language.

l. 12. "Tomb," as if for an epitaph, yet the same figure was used by the poet in S. XXXI. 9, 10.

l. 14. Both your poets may mean either two rivals, or Shakespeare and one other. I prefer the first. Cp. "Thy poet," S. LXXIX. 7.

LXXXIV

Continuation of last. The poet asks whether the describer or the flatterer says most. The poet gives way a little to petulance,

and taking up the rôle of the "true-telling friend" of Sonnet LXXXII., says that it is because the youth is so fond of praise, that his flatterers give it to him so abundantly.

l. 3. Imprisoned in your person are all the graces by which a parallel could be found for you.

l. 5. "Lean penury," niggardliness. "Pen," for poet, with a pun in "penury."

l. 9. "Copy," imitate or describe.

l. 11. "Counterpart," a counterfeit presentment.

l. 13. "A curse," a serious fault, an evil, antithetic to blessings.

l. 14. Your open vanity forces your flatterers to over-praise you.

LXXXV

The poet's muse "sick," "fainting," is "tongue-tied," and silently hears others praise his friend. He assents openly to all they say, but inwardly he says more in thought, having more to say. He asks his friend to respect these others for speaking, and him for keeping silence.

l. 1. "Tongue-tied." Cp. S. XXIII.

l. 3. "Reserve," preserve; "character," writing.

l. 4. "Fil'd," polished or filed. Cp. l. 8, "well-refined pen."

l. 7. "Hymn," might be applied to secular praise. "Able spirit," the "better spirit." Cp. S. LXXX. 2. The chief rival.

l. 11. The poet's love to his friend comes before that of the rival though his words come behind.

LXXXVI

The poet asserts that it was not through the greatness of his rival's verse, nor even the supernatural aid that made him preternaturally exalted, which had rendered him tongue-tied, but when he recognized that his friend's interest had turned to him, then his loving heart and courage failed.

l. 1. The figure of S. LXXX. carried on.

l. 2. "Prize," a suggestion of piracy.

l. 5. "His spirit," etc. Cp. Chapman's *Shadow of Night*, quoted by Prof. Minto.

l. 9. Neither he nor his familiar spirit can boast of making me silent. Cp. Chapman's Dedication to the *Shadow of Night*: "Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think skill so mightily pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely shew them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching, yea, not without having drops of their *soul like a heavenly familiar*."

If Chapman had this MS. lying before the Earl of Southampton, it would be quite sufficient to suggest all this.

l. 13. When you turned your face towards him, then I failed.

l. 14. Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. (103): "Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument." (Tyler.)

LXXXVII

The poet says farewell, and releases his friend from the promises which had been made under a mistake. There is a dash of scorn mixed with the mortification, and a suggested hope that the full release may evoke a return of love. Legal terms abound.

ll. 1, 2. "Dear," valuable. "Estimate," priced value.

l. 3. The conveyance of thy worth leaves a loophole of release.

l. 4. "Determinate," expired. Cp. S. XIII. 6.

l. 8. "Patent," old term for "grant," "charter," "bond."

l. 11. "Misprision," mistake.

l. 12. "Comes home," returns to you. Cp. S. XXXIII.

LXXXVIII

The poet tells the youth that having taken away his affection and private communion with him, if he cared further to make

light of him in the eyes of the world, he would be willing to fight against himself, and even invent concealed faults to account for his friend's faithlessness. His love is so strong, that he will bear all the wrong, and misjudgments, as well as the suffering.

l. 4. "Forsworn," having promised lifelong friendship.

ll. 6, 7. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. i. (123): "I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." (Tyler.)

ll. 12–14. Whatever does good to his friend, does good to himself.

LXXXIX

Dwelling upon the suggestion of S. LXXXVIII. 6, 7, where the poet proposed to confess concealed faults, he now bids his friend suggest any offence, and he will acknowledge it, to find him in the right. He will even give up his acquaintanceship if it must be, since his friend is weary of it.

l. 3. Suggest that I am lame, and I will halt. Cp. S. XXXVII. 3.

l. 5. Suggest any disgrace and I will accept it.

l. 9. "Be absent from thy walks." A suggestion that they had been in the habit of taking walks together.

l. 13. "Debate," hostility.

l. 14. The poet cannot love himself, if his friend hates him.

XC

The idea, and even the word "hate" continued. He pleads that if his friend must desert him, it would be better now, when he is full of sorrow, so that by comparison other troubles would seem the less.

ll. 1–8. Do what pleases you, even in hating me, but if you can, consider my afflictions.

l. 2. "Cross," to make my actions seem wrong and my aims unsuccessful.

l. 3. "Spite of fortune," frequent recurrence. Cp. "Fortune's dearest spite," S. XXXVII. 3.

l. 6. "Rearward," an after attack. Cp. *Much Ado about Nothing*, IV. i. (127) : "The rearward of reproaches." (Malone.)

l. 11. "Come," fight in the vanguard.

l. 13. "Strains," kinds.

XCI

Other men have varied joys, the poet's only delight is in his friend. Should he lose him he would be wretched indeed.

l. 3. "New-fangled ill," badly fashioned though new.

l. 4. "Horse," collective, as in "the Master of the Horse."

l. 5. "Every humour," the characteristics of men in the wider sense of the day. Cp. *Every Man in his Humour* (Ben Jonson).

ll. 7, 8. "Particulars," "general," logical terms of extent and intent.

l. 13. His only sorrow is his fear to lose.

XCII

The poet may find comfort even in the loss of his friend's love, for that would mean the end of his life : he could not live without him. The poet distresses himself with a third alternative : his friend may secretly be false.

l. 5. *i. e.* To live without his friend's love.

l. 6. *i. e.* To lose his friend's love and die at once.

l. 7. "Better state," beyond this life.

l. 8. "Thy humour" here means whim, illustrating the vital humour of inconstancy.

l. 10. "Revolt," an unconscious change of metaphor that suggests a kingship in the poet, who had hitherto called his friend his "king."

l. 14. The third possibility, the state of being deceived.

XCIII

In that case the poet might live, supposing his friend true, because nature had made his face express truth and love, whatever might be his feelings.

ll. 5–8. A contrast amplified in many of the plays. Cp. *Macbeth*, I. iv. (13).

l. 13. "Eve's apple," which seemed "good for food, and a thing to be desired to make men wise," but in reality bringing death.

XCIV

The poet had suggested that his friend might have been unfaithful without his knowing it. He hastens to disclaim any implied blame, through the disassociation of character from appearance. It is rather a virtue to be able to control expression. But such people must not do the evil they may. The flower may be sweet, that is unrecognized, but if it is corrupted and tainted, it becomes viler than a weed decayed, *i. e.* a seemingly good character, than an openly profligate one. Compare the character of Angelo in *Measure for Measure*.

ll. 3, 4. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. ii. (70):

> "Thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please."

ll. 7, 8. The one controls his features, the other lets passion be lord.

l. 9. The flower does not "waste its sweetness on the desert air," but is sweet to the summer and to itself.

l. 11. "Infection." Cp. S. LXVII. 1.

ll. 13, 14. Lilies, tall, straight, white, rich, and sweet, when they decay, smell worse than dry scentless weeds; so the ruin of noble natures is more offensive than that of the mean.

Cp. *Edward III.*, I., printed 1596, probably written earlier, and attributed by some in part to Shakespeare:

> "Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash,
> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,
> And every glory that inclines to sin,
> The same is treble by the opposite."

If the same hand wrote both, it is certain the sonnet came before the play.

XCV

The rumours which had been treated as slander before, as "right perfection wrongfully disgraced," seem to the poet now to be too well supported to doubt. He mourns that his friend's beauty should veil impurity, and cautions him against the consequences of self-indulgence.

l. 2. "Canker" here is the canker-worm that spots and kills the flower.

l. 3. "Budding name," youthful.

l. 5. "Tongue." It might only have been one "informer."

XCVI

But the poet, continuing the admonition, implies that his friend is the subject of common gossip. That his beauty veils his own vices, is a cause of danger to others. The poet pleads with him, in the name of his love, to reform his ways.

ll. 1, 2. "Some, some," simply many gossips.

l. 3. "More and less," persons of all conditions. Cp. 1 *Henr VI.*, IV. iii. (68):

> "The more and less came in with cap and knee."

ll. 5–8. As the Queen might undetected wear a false jewel, so thou mayst commit sins without suspicion of falsity.

ll. 9, 10. The wolf would have more power if he could look like a lamb. You, looking like a lamb, have double the power of the wolf.

ll. 13, 14. These lines are repeated from S. XXXVI.

XCVII

A new sequence, quite unconnected with last, and probably out of order. The poet has been absent, and the joy of the season has died out of the summer and autumn, and made them seem to be like winter. It *might* have been cold weather for the season, of course, but it seems entirely figurative.

l. 2. "Thee," who art my pleasure in every season.

l. 5. The time of separation was the prime of summer and the fruitful autumn.

ll. 9, 10. Like the hope of leaving posthumous offspring. (Tyler.)

XCVIII

This time of separation in the spring is not clearly the season preceding the summer of last sonnet, nor the one after. It may be the reminiscence of another spring separation when the joys of spring were in like manner lost. Mr. Wyndham has an interesting argument as to a late date for this sonnet from the brighter appearance of Saturn in certain springs. I do not think it conclusive, because Saturn was in the brightness of opposition in earlier springs, and also because Saturn may here have been treated after his astrological significance in the fortunes of men, as the heavy, cold, maleficent influence, that required a good conjunction to modify it.

l. 2. "Proud-pied," gaily parti-coloured.

l. 4. "Heavy Saturn," the astrological characteristic. He was sometimes a symbol of winter, as in *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

ll. 5–8. Neither the songs of the associated birds of the season, nor the sweet odours of the flowers themselves, tempted me as usual to pick them.

ll. 9, 10. The poet did not care to write about them.

ll. 11, 12. Cp. S. LIII. 10, 11 : "The one doth shadow of your beauty show."

ll. 13, 14. Run on to next sonnet.

XCIX

The completion of the previous idea, after the manner of many European sonnets of the time, imitating Petrarch. This sonnet is the only one in fifteen lines, the fifth being interpolated into the form.

l. 1. "Forward," opening early.

l. 5. "Grossly," too openly and impudently.

l. 7. "Buds of marjoram." Prof. Dowden supposes the friend's hair dark red like the buds of marjoram. But it also refers to the curl at the tip, and possibly to the perfume. Cp. Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, IV. i. :

> "Hair curling, and covered like Buds of Marjorum,
> Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing."

The young Lord Herbert's hair was short and black.

ll. 8–12. "Fear," "shame," "despair," poetical consequences of the figured theft of the friend's charms.

l. 10. A variegated Damask Rose, striped in red and white, had been eaten by a canker-worm.

C

There seems to have been another separation, preoccupation, and an inquiry from the friend why there was a cessation of pro-

duction. The poet gives a poetic excuse, or rather evades a direct reply.

ll. 2–8. "All thy might." Cp. S. LXXVIII. 13 : "Both skill and argument."

l. 3. "Fury," passion, poetic phrenzy.

l. 4. Attracting light from his soul to gild rare objects.

l. 6. "Idly spent," as if all other work were idleness.

l. 7. "Thy lays esteem," the friend still appreciated them.

l. 9. "Resty," rest-loving, lazy, related to "idly spent," l. 6.

l. 14. "Prevent'st," root-meaning comest before Time, who here has both his sickle and his crooked knife. Cp. S. LX. and LXIII.

CI

His muse is reproached for neglect. The poet prompts the reply that his friend needed no praise. Cp. S. LXXXII., LXXXIII., and LXXXIV. Then he reminds his muse that it is not to blazon his friend's virtues to the present, but to preserve them for the far future, that it requires to do its duty.

l. 3. "Truth and beauty," the standard of both.

l. 6. "Colour," pretence ; "colour," hue.

Cp. 1 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 4 (43) :

> "I love no colours, and without all colour
> Of base insinuating flattery
> I pluck this white rose."

CII

The poet loves as much, though eulogizing less. He sang in the springtime of their love as the nightingale does. But it is silent in the summer. So it is with the poet. He would not weary his assured friend with reiterated utterances.

l. 3. Cp. S. LXXXIII., LXXXIV., and LXXXV.

l. 7. "Philomela," the nightingale, supposed by the ancients to be feminine.

l. 10. "Her mournful hymns," referring to the tragic classic tale of Philomela.

CIII

The poet explains his silence as he had done at the time of the rival poets. He says he could not do justice to his friend's beauty by further description. Cp. S. XXXVII., LXXXIII.

l. 3. "The argument, all bare," the subject unadorned.

l. 7. "Blunt invention," poor poetic conceits.

l. 8. "Dulling," making poor and uninteresting, not as in last sonnet, "weary."

ll. 13, 14. Perhaps the poorest of all Shakespeare's sonnet-endings.

CIV

There evidently has been a meeting. The poet finds his friend's beauty as rare as ever, after three years of a friendship which seems to have begun in the spring. I take this sonnet to have been written in 1594, and if it be remembered that Southampton came of age in October of that year, there is some reason for speaking of his age. But changes are going on, though unperceived. The poet, who had dwelt much on "antique beauty," now calls out to posterity that the summer of beauty was *now* before his eyes.

ll. 9, 10. Beauty slips away, like the shadow on the dial.

l. 11. "Hue," here clearly appearance, colour, complexion. Cp. XX. 7.

l. 13. "This," the poet's message to posterity.

CV

The poet would not have his love called idolatry because his verses are always addressed to one, though under three aspects of his varied perfections, within the three spheres of philosophy : the Beautiful, the Good, and the True. Queen Elizabeth would not have liked the conclusion. It was well she did not see it printed.

l. 4. Cp. LXXVI. 5. Wriothesley motto was "Ung par tout, tout par ung."

l. 6. "Constant," } Cp. "None like you for constant heart,"
l. 7. "Constancy," } S. LIII. 14.

l. 8. "Difference," the logical attribute, which divides genus into species.

l. 11. "Invention," poetry.

l. 14. Sometimes others had one of these virtues, but never had *one* held them *all*.

CVI

Continuing the thought of the last line in "never," the poet refers back to the ancient descriptions of ancient beauties, and finds that they were all but prophecies of his friend's beauty, but they were unable to express his worth, that is, his goodness and his truth. Even his contemporaries could not do that.

l. 1. "Wasted time," time passed. Cp. "You among the wastes of time must go."

l. 2. "Fairest wights," most beautiful persons ; a noun common.

l. 5. "Blazon," a term from Heraldry, here meaning glorification.

l. 7. "Antique," ancient ; a term frequently used by the poet. Cp. LIX. 7 : "Your image in some antique book."

l. 8. "Master," possess.

ll. 9–13. "Prophecies," looking into the glass of the future darkly—hence the imperfection of "divining eyes." They were not able to see or to sing your worth. "Skill," ability. Quarto has "still," a reading upheld by Mr. Wyndham.

CVII

This sonnet, which may be called the Enigma Sonnet, seems to be misplaced. It expresses one phase of the constantly recurring idea of Time's attacks on all mortal beings, and of the triumph of poetry. Neither private fears nor the foreboding of the prophetic soul of the world can limit or end the love of the poet for his friend. There has been an eclipse of the mortal moon (figurative or otherwise), and the prophesied consequences have not followed. There have been uncertainties concerning peace or war, now peace is assured. His love still is fresh. Death subscribes to the poet, for he will live in his poetry and his friend with him. There are many explanations. Most students refer it to the death of Elizabeth. Mr. Tyler, because of the grammar of "endured," to the rebellion of Essex. The one I proposed has at least the merit of harmonizing with the grammar. See *Athenæum*, "The Date of Shakespeare's Sonnets," March 19th and 26th, 1898. See Introd., p. lviii.

l. 1. "Not mine own fears." Cp. *Richard III.*, III. iii. (4) :

> "Before the days of change still is it so,
> By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust,
> Ensuing danger."

ll. 1, 2. "Soul of the world," from Giordano Bruno's philosophy.

ll. 3, 4. The "fears" supposed his love would have an end. But it is not to be so.

l. 5. "Mortal moon," supposed by many to be Elizabeth, and with some reason. Diana, Cynthia, Belphœbe, were poetic terms.

l. 6. Those who had predicted different results.

l. 8. "Endless age," with no foreseen termination.

l. 9. "Balmy time," probably a warm spring.

l. 12. "Dull and speechless," heavy and illiterate, dead.

l. 13. "This," my verse.

l. 14. "Crests," trophies on a tomb.

CVIII

The poet had already expressed himself, and his love for his friend, in every conception that is written, yet he must go on repeating the same things, as he does in his daily prayers, in order to express his constancy. Love is eternal and will not see any change in the beloved, remembering ever the first dawn of love.

l. 1. "Character," to write.

l. 3. What can there be new to speak, what new to record? The Quarto has "now," probably in error for "new."

l. 5. "Sweet boy," in reference to the extremely youthful appearance of Southampton. "Prayers divine," the forms of prayers to God.

l. 7. Counting no old thing out of date. The oneness in friendship the same as at first.

l. 8. "Hallowed," made sacred; with probably an allusion to the first time he addressed the youth as "Hal."

l. 12. But puts the mark in Life's book, at the old story of first love.

l. 14. The same love lasts, though the charms that first kindled it are gone.

CIX

The poet explains that it is quite impossible to him to be false to his friend, though of course in absence he could not prove his love so often. If he had had any number of other interests they would all be as nothing compared to his love for his friend.

ll. 3, 4. Cp. S. XXXI., also XXIV.

ll. 11, 12. My soul could not be stained so unnaturally as to leave voluntarily all thy excellences for a mere *nothing*.

ll. 13, 14. His friend is all the universe to him, his "Rosa Mundi."

CX

Possibly alluding to the implied scandal as to his "frailties," the poet acknowledges that he had, like other *vagabonds*, travelled about in his player's profession, used his private feelings as inspiration for public performances; acknowledged even that he had turned aside from fealty to the extent of making new acquaintances. But the experience was sufficient, he would never wander again, and entreats a welcome home to his friend's loving breast.

l. 1. "Players" were classed with "vagabonds."

l. 2. "Motley," a jester or a fool's dress, probably applied to any "character."

l. 3. Spoken his own thoughts on the stage, thus losing self-respect.

l. 4. Pictured his present feelings in old stories.

l. 5. "Truth," constancy.

l. 6. "Askance," sidewise, not looking it full in the face.

l. 7. "Blenches," swervings. Cp. *Measure for Measure*: "Sometimes you do blench from this to that," IV. v. (5). "Gave my heart another youth," took me back to my early love for you.

l. 8. "Essays," experiences proved the value of thy love.

ll. 10, 11. I will never again try a new friend, who will grieve my old friend.

l. 12. "God." Cp. S. CV.: Is it Cupid or his friend as his Fate-determiner? "Confined," limited, bound. Cp. S. CVII. 4.

CXI

The poet blames Fortune because she had, through the pressure of poverty, forced him on the stage to earn a living; blamed her also for his faults, and the effect upon his nature; for the readiness of scandal-mongers to blame. He entreats his friend to pity him and pardon him, while he is willing to suffer anything to be restored.

l. 1. "With Fortune chide," argue with Fortune.

l. 2. The poet frequently blames Fortune, nowhere more fundamentally than here.

ll. 3, 4. Fortune, through leaving him poor, forced him on the stage.

l. 5. His name is stained through the prejudice against his art.

l. 6. The associated temptations have almost, but not quite, changed his nature.

l. 8. "Renewed," made me what I was by nature.

l. 10. "Eysell," medicated vinegar, supposed not only to disinfect but to cure incipient disease.

l. 12. "Double penance," double punishment. "Correct correction," a second refining.

ll. 8–13. Pity me that Fortune should have wronged me, and made me suffer.

CXII

The friend responded to the appeal, welcomed the wandering poet home, and believed in his good faith. The love and pity healed all wounds, cleared all stains, and the poet cares no more what others think or say. The world is dead to him.

l. 1. "Impression," the *brand* of S. CXI. 5.

l. 2. "Vulgar scandal," common gossip, implied to be untrue.

l. 4. Cover with green leaves my evil and acknowledge my good.

ll. 5–7. "All the world" has been talking of him, but his friend is his "all-the-world," who alone can judge him.

l. 8. That changes what is engraved on my sense, either to right or wrong.

l. 10. "Adder's sense," the deaf ear, "deaf as an adder."

l. 14. Mr. Wyndham points out that the couplet would be no climax after the quatrains, with the ordinarily accepted emendations, but that there is a climax with a real meaning in the words as given in Quarto. He declares that the identity is so complete that the world holds his friend for dead.

CXIII

The poet insists that since he had left his friend his eye perceives nothing except resemblances of his friend. Thus his very devotion helps to deceive himself, and make him seem untrue.

l. 1. Cp. S. XLVII. 7, 8 : "Mine eye is my heart's guest."

l. 2. "Governs," guides.

l. 3. "Part," divide. Keeps the remembering half, and loses the present sense of perception.

l. 5. I do not notice anything that passes.

l. 6. "Latch," lay hold of. Cp. *Macbeth*, IV. iii. (195) :

"Where hearing should not latch them."

l. 10. The loveliest countenance. Cp. S. CXXV. "Deformed'st creature." He seems almost to dwell on the transformations of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

l. 12. It makes them seem to resemble you.

l. 14. May be read *thus causing mine untruth*, or *thus making m' eyne untrue*, which catches up the idea of the first line. (Mr. Wyndham.)

CXIV

Continuing the idea of the last sonnet, the poet asks whether this peculiar state of things is caused by flattery, through his friend's support, or whether love taught his eye the alchemy to transmute the baser elements into gold. He feels that it must be the cup of flattery, but even if poisoned he would drink it up.

l. 1. Since the reconciliation with his friend, the poet takes the higher place, he is "crowned."

l. 4. "Alchymy," chemistry, chiefly the transmutation of baser metals into better.

l. 6. "Cherubins," "sweet self," implies extreme youth and beauty.

l. 9. Answers the question, in saying it is the cup of flattery.

l. 10. The poet now feigns that he is the crowned king.

l. 14. His eye prepared the cup, and was the "taster" also.

CXV

The poet confesses that his previous sonnets lied when they said he could not love his friend more dearly. Now he knows that he does so through this generous outburst of "love and pity." Love is a babe to begin with, and has to grow to its full growth.

l. 5. "Reckoning time," considering the power of time in destroying. "Million'd," used as a multiplicative like "doubled."

l. 9. "Fearing" related to "reckoning." Why might I not say this?

l. 13. "Babe," suggested by the youth of Cupid. The fact that it could *grow* prevented the poet from being able to say then that he could love him best.

CXVI

The poet completes the idea of the last sonnet in showing the permanence and faithfulness of full-grown Love, and its independence of Time and his changes.

l. 2. "Impediments" seems to refer to the "million'd accidents" of last sonnet.

l. 4. Or goes away when the lover travels. Cp. S. XXV. 13, 14.

l. 7. "Star," Pole-star.

l. 8. "Worth's unknown," priceless, invaluable. "Height," altitude taken by the principles of navigation.

l. 9. "Love's not Time's fool," does not change with the changes of Time.

l. 12. "Edge of doom." Cp. "Crack of doom," *Macbeth*, IV. i. (118).

ll. 13, 14. My description of love is as true as any certainty can prove it by comparison.

CXVII

Having been reconciled, the poet is willing to be judged by his friend. He acknowledges that he had not apparently paid him sufficient attention, that he had allowed himself to make engagements with others. He acknowledges wilfulness in temper, and errors in his action, but he records his plea that he only did it to find out whether his friend really cared for him.

l. 1. "Scanted," that I have but sparingly honoured you.

l. 3. Had not continued regularly writing his sonnets.

l. 5. Frequented the society of people you do not know.

l. 6. "Time:" Prof. Dowden suggests "temporary occasion." Staunton proposes reading "them."

l. 7. The image of his "saucy bark" modified.

l. 9. Note my self-willed conduct, and my faults.

l. 10. And add to what may be proved, suspicion of more.

l. 12. But do not punish me by hating me.

l. 13. The notion of the court carried out. My defence is, that I tested your love.

CXVIII

The poet had been resorting to strange companions as to tonics and drugs. He found that they were not only unnecessary, but injurious, and even poisonous.

l. 2. "Eager," sharp, acid. Cp. *Hamlet*, I. v. (69):

> "And curd, like eager droppings into milk."

l. 4. Make ourselves ill with drugs, to avoid illness.

l. 5. The sweetness of his friend had not cloyed, but satisfied.

ll. 9, 10. He had not been wise to prepare for a change in his friend. When in health he had taken medicine for disease, which produced the evils he meant to avert.

l. 12. "Rank of goodness," equivalent to "sick of welfare."

CXIX

Carrying on the ideas of the last two sonnets, that the "unknown minds" and "bitter sauces" were the poisoned potions of the Siren's tears, that he had been nigh distraction through their effects, but that reconciliation with his friend has made his love grow better, stronger, greater. It seems to me he has Richard Edward's proverb title in his mind: "The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

l. 2. "Limbecks," alembics or stills. "Foul as hell." Cp. CXLVII. 14.

l. 7. My eyes have started from their sockets, in the fits of my fever. Cp. *Hamlet*, I. v. (17):

> "Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."
> (Dowden.)

l. 8. My love is as a fever. Cp. CXLVII.

ll. 9–12. That good is made better by conquered evil, and love stronger through pardon and gratitude.

l. 13. "Rebuked," the judgment awarded the poet in the supposed "case" of the previous sonnet.

CXX

The poet pleads that the unkindness of his friend on a former occasion should have been estimated in making up accounts. If he only had suffered now as much as Shakespeare had done then through the alienation, he must have passed "a hell of time."

ll. 2, 3. Feel by experience how deeply I may have inflicted pain on you.

l. 6. Cp. S. LVIII. 13 : "Though waiting so be hell." Also *Lucrece*, 1287 :

> "And that deep torture may be called a Hell
> When more is felt than one hath power to tell."

l. 7. I, like a tyrant, did not take time to think how I suffered, when you treated me in a similar way.

l. 9. "Night of woe" may be a period, or a particular night of special sorrow. "Remembered," reminded.

l. 10. "Sense," sensibility.

l. 11. That I had tendered to you the humble apology you rendered to me.

l. 14. That former unkindness of yours can ransom mine as by an exchange of prisoners.

CXXI

The poet, embittered by scandal and its results, asserts that it would be better to *be* evil than to *seem* evil ; then there would be no horror at the scandal. The love of approbation is a just pleasure. But why should wicked men judge him to be as bad as they are themselves ?

l. 1. They who are vile receive what they seek.

l. 2. Those who are only esteemed so, receive the punishment without meriting it.

ll. 3, 4. Measured by the opinion of others, not my own self-knowledge.

ll. 5, 6. Why should others who are really wicked, speak as equals to me, who am only mirthful ? Cp. *Merry Wives o Windsor :*

> "Wives may be merry but yet honest too."

l. 8. "In their wills," according to their inclination.

l. 9. "I am that I am," with frailties, but not with falseness. "Level," take aim.

l. 11. They diverge from the straight line of rectitude, and think I must do the same. (Tyler.)

l. 12. "Rank," evil-smelling, hence evil-thinking. Cp. "The rank smell of weeds," S. XCIV.

l. 14. Reign through badness. Cp. S. LXVI., "Tired," etc.

CXXII

The friend had presented the poet with a table-book, which he had given away to some other person, during a time of separation. He explains that he did not need the gift to hold his friend in remembrance, and the thoughts there inscribed were recorded on his brain. It is curious that the poet should have given a similar remembrance to his friend. S. LXXVII.

ll. 2, 3, 4. The tables all written over are preserved in his memory for ever. There seems here some scholastic play on the individual, the type, and the archetype of tables.

l. 5. At least, as long as I live.

l. 7. "Ras'd oblivion," erasing forgetfulness.

l. 10. "Tallies," the notched reckoning-stick of the inn, or score. Cp. 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. vii. (39): "Our forefathers had no other book but the score and tally." Also *Hamlet*, I. v. (97). (Wyndham.)

l. 13. "Adjunct." Sir Henry Wotton uses this word as an assistant.

"An adjunct of singular experience and trust." (Wyndham.)

CXXIII

The poet again challenges Time—*he* will not change. Echoing the Preacher's cry, that there is nothing new under the sun, he says that he knows well that things seem to come and

go, but really return in pre-determined cycles. The records of Time lie through his ceaseless haste, but the poet, though knowing what he is, defies him and his power, and elects to remain true.

ll. 1, 4. The poet propounds an esoteric doctrine, from his own inner consciousness. Cp. S. LIX.

l. 5. "Dates," periods.

ll. 6, 7. The deceiving power of Time.

l. 9. The poet defies Time and his records.

l. 14. He will be true though Time's scythe should cut him down.

CXXIV

The poet's love for his friend is not dependent upon State or Court, or it might have changed with time. But it was built far from "Time's million'd accidents," and nothing temporary can affect it.

l. 1. The love itself, as a possession, is dear to him.

ll. 2, 3. If it had been based upon any relations of State, Fortune might have despoiled it, as being temporary.

l. 4. To be cut down with the scythe of Time.

ll. 7, 8. Very many outbreaks of discontent were crushed during Elizabeth's life.

l. 9. "Policy, that heretic," a principle of false creeds. A natural aspersion to one whose friends had suffered. Heretics did grant leases of short periods to their friends, to avoid sequestration.

l. 11. "All alone politic," his love was wise, safe, true.

l. 13. "Fools of Time," those whom Time can do what he likes with.

Cp. l. 3, also S. CXVI. 9 : "Love's not Time's fool."

l. 14. Who die for one good deed, after having lived a lifetime of evil.

CXXV

The thought of State and Court continued. Had the public honour he had received done the poet any lasting good? No! He only wants to have his friend, heart for heart. The tale-bearer who had spoken against him was suborned. The poet's soul was true.

l. 1. Did it do him any good?

l. 2. Honouring with his external appearance, the external shows of Court.

l. 3. Laid great foundations for fame, expected to be lasting, but proved as short as destruction.

l. 5. Those who depend on external compliment.

l. 7. "Compound sweet," "simple savour," flattery and heart-felt love.

l. 8. Even if successful, losers, through paying too much for their opportunities.

l. 9. "Obsequious," devoted.

l. 10. "Oblation," what is laid out before a Deity.

l. 11. "Mixed with seconds." Steevens reads: "All of the best flour, no seconds." Mr. Wyndham thinks it means "assistants," referring to rival poets.

l. 12. The interchange of hearts. Cp. S. XXII., XXIV.

l. 13. "Suborned informer," bribed false witness, probably referring to the frailer spies of S. CXVI. 9, and CXXI.

l. 14. "Impeached," charged with treason.

CXXVI

The poet warns his friend that though, for the moment, he may control all the attributes of Time, through the aid of bountiful Dame Nature, yet he must beware. Her power also is limited by Time, and she must at last resign her hold even of her special treasure.

There are only six couplets in this Sonnet, and the printers of the Quarto left two brackets, to show they thought it unfinished. It may have been so in MS.

l. 1. "My lovely boy," he is still young to the poet's eye.

l. 2. The ever-changing hour-glass of Time. "His sickle, hour," his smaller weapon compared to the mighty scythe.

l. 5. "Nature," mistress of decay, through restoration.

l. 9. Do not place confidence in her, thou darling of my heart.

l. 10. She has not power to keep thee as her treasure.

l. 11. "Audit," she must render her account at last to Time.

l. 12. "Quietus," acquittance for her debt, only to be received by giving up the youth.

This is really the last of the sonnets.

CXXVII

This sonnet commences a series, kept apart from the other, but apparently begun about the same time as Sonnets XXXIII.—XLII. The poet starts with a general proposition as he does in the First Series. Dark beauties were not formerly much esteemed. Now there is no beauty, but every one is painted and made up. Therefore the black eyes of his mistress mourn, and as she does not paint, she moves the poet to feel that beauty should look as she does—in harmony with the colour of her eyes.

l. 3. Cp. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, vii. (Tyler.)

> "That whereas blacke seems beautie's contrary,
> She even in blacke doth make all beauties flow."

l. 4. Cp. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. :

> "O, if in black my lady's brow be decked,
> It mourns that painting and usurping hair
> Should ravish doters with a false aspect,
> And therefore is she born to make black fair."

l. 9. "Eyes:" it is evident that "hairs" was intended. Compare the above quotation and the following line.

l. 10. "Suited," clothed. Compare again Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*:

> "When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
> In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?"

Shakespeare makes the eyes mourn that others should paint their beauties. Sidney makes them mourn for the death of their lovers.

CXXVIII

The poet has often envied the keys of the virginals when his mistress played upon them. He had wished to be the jacks to kiss her fingers, now he would rather be a man to kiss her lips.

l. 1. He had found the youth's voice "music to hear." S. VIII. 1.

Here it is but a compliment, as from S. CXXX. 10 it is evident that her voice was not very sweet.

l. 4. The harmony, issuing from these wires, that holds me spell-bound.

l. 5. "Jacks," keys.

Is there any double meaning here, for "Jacqueline Field," called "Jakin" in printer's register?

CXXIX

This powerful sonnet seems to stand alone, or to be, at least, misplaced. Mr. Tyler points out that it answers in several details to the Allegory painted by Bronzino, now in the National Gallery.

ll. 1, 2. The expenditure of spirit in a wilderness of shame. Bacon used the phrase under the same relation. Spedding's edition, II. 555. (Tyler.)

ll. 5, 12. Compare *Lucrece*, II. 11 :

> " What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
> A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy."

l. 742 :

> " He runs, and chides his vanished, loathed delight."

l. 14. Cp. *Euphues, Golden Legacie* (1590) :

> " Love, . . .
> A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove."

CXXX

This really follows S. CXXVIII. The poet explains that his mistress has not all the beauties that other poets find in their ladies ; yet he finds her rare and charming above all.

l. 1. He satirizes the absurd flattery of other poets.
l. 4. Cp. S. CXXVII. 9, her " hairs " are raven black.
l. 5. Painted a damask pattern red and white. Cp. S. XCIX. 8.
l. 6. She has a sallow complexion.
l. 8. " Reeks " may have been chosen for rhyme, but is not a complimentary term for " exhales."
ll. 13, 14. She is as charming as any lady flattered by false comparisons. Cp. S. XXI.

CXXXI

The poet tells his mistress that she is as proud as if she were really beautiful, because she knows he dotes on her. Some say she was not beautiful enough to win any lovers ; he dare not deny this, though in his heart he feels her darkness to be the fairest he had seen. It is because she is black in her deeds that men judge thus hardly of her beauty.

l. 12. "My judgment's place," my critical opinion.
She had the merit of appearing as she was.
ll. 13, 14. But his judgment acknowledges her to be black in her deeds, and hence, he thinks, others have slandered her face.

CXXXII

The poet was fascinated with his lady's black eyes, which seemed to mourn for his sufferings, as Sidney made Stella's do. He asks her to mourn in her heart, as well as in her appearance, then he would feel her type of beauty the perfect ideal.
l. 4. "Ruth," pity.

CXXXIII

The poet had hitherto pleaded for love in vain, but had hope. Now he reproaches his mistress for enslaving his friend as well as himself. He would offer to stand bail, but he is imprisoned. Thus he is forsaken by his friend, his mistress, and himself.

l. 1. "Beshrew," a mild form of imprecation.
l. 4. "Slavery," compare the last "tyrannous."
l. 5. "Thy cruel eye." Cp. S. CXXXII. 1, 2.
l. 6. Thou hast even more completely conquered my friend.
l. 8. "Crossed," tried. Cp. S. XLII.
l. 9. "Steel bosom," hard heart. Cp. S. CXXXII. 2, "disdain."
l. 14. Cp. S. XXXIX.

CXXXIV

Following up the last. The poet, with more legal allusions, explains that his friend had only come to be a surety for him, and should not have been imprisoned. By his capture the poet has lost all.

l. 3. "That other mine," my friend, who is myself.

l. 9. "Statute," security of a usurer.

ll. 11, 14. Cp. the position of Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice*.

CXXXV

This sonnet plays on the various uses of the word "will," inclination, temper, selfishness, desire, passion, lust, and the poet's name.

Some find in it grounds to believe that the friend's name was also Will, and that there were other admirers of the same name.

No personal reference, further than to the poet's name, is necessary to explain the puns, as may be clearly seen by comparing other literature of the period. One, the *Book of Merry Riddles*, has not been brought forward:

"My lover's *Will*
I am contented to fulfil."

"Tell me, what is my lover's name?"
Ans. "I have told it. His name is Will I am."

l. 13. Mr. Tyler suggests the reading:

"Let no unkind 'no,' your beseechers kill,"

—which seems very plausible.

CXXXVI

Still playing on the uses of the word *Will*, and his name, the poet entreats the lady to make his name her love.

l. 8. One is not noticed when a number is treated. Cp. S. VIII. 14.

l. 10. Though not noticed among the number, yet when you come to measure the value you must reckon me something, as you have acknowledged I have been sweet to thee.

CXXXVII

The poet complains that love has blinded his eyes. He is quite aware what beauty is, as he has shown by his sonnets to the youth. Yet he has been foolish enough to believe the worst to be like the best. Cp. S. CXIII. Whereas she has every fault, and is not even veiled with beauty. The fault is in his eyes.

l. 7. Still addressing "Love." Why hast thou forged hooks to fetter my judgment through my corrupted eyes?

l. 9. "Several," a plot of ground belonging to an individual as opposed to a common. Cp. *L. L. L.*, II. i.:

> "My lips are no common, though several they be."

l. 12. To put my fair trust in so foul a face, seems to contain some reference to her expression, as well as complexion.

l. 13. I have erred in breaking faith with my friend. Cp. S. XXXVI. 10.

CXXXVIII

The poet finds a double meaning in "believe," which, with such a woman, only lies in "seeming trust," and in trying to make believe the things that he desired.

This sonnet first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with some variations, which may be errors in Jaggard's piracy, alterations made afterwards by the poet, or errors in the 1609 edition.

l. 4. *P. P.* has "Unskilful in the world's false forgeries."

l. 6. "Although she knows." "Although I know," *P. P.*

l. 7. *P. P.*: "I smiling, credite her false-speaking tongue."

l. 8. *P. P.* : "Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill-rest."

l. 9. *P. P.* : "But, wherefore says my Love, that she is young?"

l. 11. *P. P.* : "O, love's best habit is a soothing toung."

l. 13. *P. P.* : "Therefore I'll lye with Love, and Love with me."

l. 14. *P. P.* : "Since that our faults in love thus smothered be."

It would seem that Jaggard had the better version.

CXXXIX

The sonnet refers back to the phrase "She is unjust." The poet complains that she turns her eyes upon others, even in his presence. He tries to find an excuse for her, by imagining she did not mean to wound him further with eyes he had called cruel. But he would rather she would continue, and kill him outright with looks. That he knows that her behaviour is caused by coquetry, is shown in the use of "art," "cunning."

l. 1. Do not ask me to excuse thy unkindness.

l. 9. Let me try to find an excuse.

l. 14. "Rid my pain," relieve me from my pain.

CXL

The poet continues to plead, appealing to the lady's self-interest, lest if she crush him to despair he might speak evil things of her, which the wicked world would believe.

l. 1. "Cruel," so "cruel-eye," S. CXXXIII. 5.

l. 2. "Tongue-tied patience," not speaking the truth for fear of offending her. "Disdain," S. CXXXII. 2.

l. 4. My pain, on which you bestow no pity.

l. 5. "Wit," wisdom.

Cp. line 1, "Be wise," *i. e.* pretend and feign.

l. 8. The dying patient hears no diagnosis but of coming health.

l. 9. If she drive him to despair, he may go mad.

l. 11. "Ill-wresting," twisting words into a bad meaning.

ll. 13, 14. For your own sake control your eyes, though your affections may wander.

CXLI

The poet does not love her with his eyes, for she is far from perfect. None of his senses approve her, nor do his five wits. But all these together cannot dissuade his foolish heart from going forth to serve her. Cp. Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense.*

l. 1. In despite of what I see deficient in you my heart dotes.

l. 9. Neither his senses nor his wits are attracted by her, but they cannot control his foolish heart.

l. 11. "The likeness of a man" as combined by the five wits and five senses should be controlled by the heart, but the heart puts it under her heart's control.

l. 14. The temptation to sin, and the result in penance, came from the same source.

CXLII

The poet explains that love in itself was a sin between them, therefore her hardness towards him she might consider a virtue. But seeing that she was quite willing to commit that sin, and was wooing others to do so, it could not be treated as a virtue in her. She should accord pity to him that she might find pity.

l. 2. Your hate of my sin is only caused by your sinful love to others. Cp. S. LIII.

l. 6. "Profaned," desecrated a temple.

l. 7. Cp. *Measure for Measure*, IV. i. (1), Malone :

> "Take, oh take those lips away,
> That so sweetly were forsworn,
> But my kisses bring again,
> Seals of love, but sealed in vain."

l. 8. Implies that her attachments were to married men.

l. 10. Cp. S. CXXXIX.

ll. 11–14. If thou seekest pity for thyself, grant it to me, or may you find none when you come to need it.

CXLIII

The lady is compared to a housewife running after one of her escaped fowls, while her child runs crying after her, she being careless of the cries, knowing she can secure her child at any time. The feathered creature is his friend, the child is the poet himself. He hopes that she will be kind to him after she has secured her runaway. This is the least dignified of all the poet's figures.

ll. 4–9. "Pursuit," "run'st thou after." Cp. "When a woman woos" (S. XLI. 7).

l. 13. "Thy will," synonymous with "thy hope" of line 11. It is an abstract noun.

CXLIV

This sonnet, which appeared with very slight variations in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, refers to the youth whose beauty and virtue he has celebrated, and this dark woman. He suspects they are together, though he cannot be sure. He fears he will lose both.

l. 1. "Despair," leading to distress, sin, and punishment.

l. 2. "Suggest," influence as if by thought transference, as well as advice.

l. 7. Cp. *Love's Labours Lost*, I. ii. (177): "Love is a devil, there is no evil angel but love." Cp. Drayton's *Idea*, S. XXII.: "An evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still." (1599.)

l. 8. "Foul," wicked. *P. P.* has "faire pride."

l. 11. "Both from me," both in absence. *P. P.* has "both to me."

l. 13. *P. P.* has "the truth I shall not know."

CXLV

This is the only sonnet in 8-syllabled metre, and the rhymes are not like Shakespeare's. Therefore some critics reject it, as unlike the spirit of the series. If written by the poet it must certainly be out of order. The lady having said "I hate," the poet suffered a pang of anguish, only relieved by the addition of the words "Not you."

ll. 6, 7. Her ever-sweet tongue was accustomed to deal gentle dismissals to her lovers.

CXLVI

This introspective sonnet is unconnected with the preceding. In it the poet considers the folly of adorning and feeding the body, which will die soon, instead of adorning and feeding the soul, which may live to conquer death. Cp. Sidney's Sonnet.

l. 1. The soul is the centre of the bodily sphere. Cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. i. (2) : "Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out."

l. 2. This line is corrupt in the Quarto, standing

"My sinfull earth these rebel powers that thee array."

It has had various emendations. The best is by Massey, who is followed above. The meaning then is that the body is a rebel to the soul, who should be king. "Array" may have the double meaning of adorning, and setting in martial order.

Cp. *Lucrece* (719), of Tarquin's soul :

> "His soul's fair temple is defaced ;
> To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
> To ask the spotted princess how she fares.
> She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
> Have battered down her consecrated wall."

*

ll. 3–14. Mr. Tyler compares a verse of Southwell's *Content and Riches* :

> "Spare diet is my fare,
> My clothes more fit than fine ;
> I know I feede and clothe a foe
> That pampered would repine."

CXLVII

Associated with Sonnets CXLI. and CXLIV.

The poet says he cannot conquer his passion. He is in a fever and cannot obey his reason. He knows that she is unworthy of his love, and that his praises were the ravings of disease, even as his personal longing is.

l. 5. Cp. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. i. (5) : "Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though Love use reason for his Physician, he admits him not for his counsellor."

l. 7. I, being in despair, now recognize that desire to be fatal, which took exception to the teaching of physic.

l. 9. A common proverb, "Things past cure, past care." Cp. *L. L. L.*, V. ii. (28) : "Great reason ; for past cure is still past care." Also *King Richard II.*, II. iii. : "Things past redress are now with me past care."

l. 14. Cp. *Love's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. (254) :

> "Black is the badge of hell,
> The hue of dungeons and the suit of night."

CXLVIII

Love has blinded the poet's eyes to the truth as in Sonnet CXXXVII. The world sees differently and does not think his lady fair. Tears have blinded his eyes.

ll. 1–4. Either his eyes are blind or his judgment draws

false conclusions from the facts they see. Cp. Berkeley's *New Theory of Vision.*

ll. 5, 6. If thou art really fair, why does the world not think so?

l. 7. If thou art not fair, my thinking thee so is another proof that love's eyes are not true. They are blinded by sleeplessness and tears.

l. 13. Figurative Love, the god, as in the first line.

l. 14. "Thy foul faults," the sins of the dark woman.

CXLIX

The lady questions his love, and he proves it by showing he has devoted himself to her. But she loves those that can see her faults, while he only who is blind to them, loves her.

l. 2. "Partake," take part against myself.

ll. 3, 4. I am regardless of myself and a tyrant to myself for your sake.

l. 7. The poet turns from those the lady hates, even from himself if she but frown on him.

l. 10. The poet knows her deficiencies, but worships her with all his highest powers.

ll. 13, 14. Cp. S. CXXXIX.

CL

The poet cannot understand how she first gained power over him, in spite of her plainness and her faults. But since he has given her such devotion, he has made himself at least worthy of her love.

l. 2. "Insufficiency," lacking in beauty, goodness, and truth.

l. 3. Continuation of the thought of blinded eyes.

l. 5. Making evil things seem graceful and suitable to thee.

l. 7. "Warrantise of skill," triumphant art and charm.

l. 11. "Others do abhor," probably from her moral character.

l. 12. Thou shouldst not abhor my state of abject devotion.

CLI

The poet asserts that young Love does not know anything about rules of conduct. Later, Conscience awakes through the very Love. She must not blame him because it could be proved she was the cause of his betraying his nobler part to the treason of his body. Cp. S. CXLVI. 2.

l. 1. Cp. "Love is a babe" (S. CXV. 13).

l. 2. *i. e.* Love makes the soul sensitive to moral considerations.

l. 3. Probably in reply to some playful raillery about his conscience. "Cheater," escheator. Do not reckon my faults against me.

CLII

The poet confesses that in his love he is forsworn, but the lady is worse. She is twice forsworn. Yet he need not blame her. He has broken twenty oaths through swearing that she possessed all the beauties and the virtues, therefore he is the more perjured.

l. 1. "Forsworn," as having been married.

l. 2. "Twice." She also was married, and had sworn love to the poet, and now turns to another.

l. 4. "New hate," after the "new love," sworn to the past.

l. 8. Implies that he had at one time trusted her and been deceived.

l. 11. To glorify thee made my eyes see falsely.

CLIII

This and the next sonnet treat the same theme, and are in reality varying free renderings of a fable from the Palatine Anthology, discovered by Herzburg, *Shakespeare Jahr-Buch*, XIII, 1878. (Tyler.)

l. 6. "Dateless," never-ending.

l. 8. The Quarto has "strang," which may mean "strong."

l. 9. Love rekindles his torch from the eyes of my mistress. The Earl of Surrey mentions the hot well in one of his sonnets to the fair Geraldine.

CLIV

It would seem that Shakespeare occasionally drafted two poems on the same idea. It is quite possible that the friend had read the story to the poet, and that Shakespeare took or sent him the two renderings, to see which he liked best, meaning to destroy the other, but the friend liked both. There is more thought in the former, more music in the latter.

l. 7. "The general," the chief cause, and commander.

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